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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1910.

The Week.

It is always awkward for a great moral victor to have to explain that it was not all victory and not all moral, and Mr. Roosevelt is no happier in the process than those who have attempted it before him. Having heard from his own insurgent West, where dissatisfaction with his own New York platform is so violent, he is driven to drawing nice distinctions and to showing that, as a "practical" man, he had to bargain with the very bosses he was attacking. Asked how he can reconcile his Western speeches against the Payne-Aldrich tariff with his unqualified laudation of it in the New York platform, his answer is that he cannot reconcile them, and that he did not make a fight on the tariff plank at Saratoga because it would have been "folly to jeopardize success" on the more important issues. All this should help the faithful people of the West to get a more accurate idea of their hero. They must now begin to perceive that he is something more and other than an impetuous and uncalculating champion. We have heard of "the two Roosevelts," but there appear to be at least three or four. This latest manifestation certainly reveals him as closely akin to Pascal's Monsieur Distinguo, able to split hairs with the subtlest of the Jesuits. But *this* Monsieur Distinguo is, unfortunately, on record as against the very moral distinction which he now urges. To-day he declares that the New York platform is simply a compromise for local consumption. But in his speech of acceptance in 1904, it was the Democrats whom he taunted with writing insincere platforms, while he affirmed that it was the glory of the Republicans never to palter with the truth or with the voters, and to stand for policies which are "*the same for all sections and localities.*"

Gov. Harmon referred grimly in his opening speech of the Ohio campaign to the "explosives" which the Republicans had been incautious enough to leave lying about the State Capitol, and last Thursday he set some of them off. By his direction, the Attorney-General began suit against the former Republican State Treasurer and also the Secretary of State, to recover interest on State funds which they had illegally deposited in favored banks without interest. The sums sued for are not great—not more than $18,000—but the principle is vital and the effect on public opinion must be considerable. This last arises from the fact that both the men to be prosecuted are to-day active in Republican politics. Indeed, the former Treasurer, Mr. Laylin, is now the Chairman of the Republican Executive Committee, while the former Secretary of State was a prominent candidate for Governor, and also, later, for the State Committee Chairmanship. What makes the Governor's action seem particularly cruel is the fact that, at the very moment when the Republican managers are having unusual difficulty in raising funds for the State campaign, he should be suing them for restitution of money unlawfully kept from the State Treasury.

The latest forest fire horror should have the effect of so crystallizing public sentiment for the adequate patrolling and protection of our forests that such calamities should be made virtually impossible in the future. This year has witnessed, we believe, a greater amount both of destruction of the woods and especially of agonizing loss of human life, than any previous one. The laying waste of the forests themselves is a sufficiently melancholy thing, involving, as it often does, not only vast economic injury, but the ruin of a natural possession that cannot be replaced; but when we hear of towns and villages blotted off the map, and of scores and hundreds of people perishing in the flames, it is time that resolute action were taken. At the bottom of this trouble is not "crookedness," or monopoly, or plutocracy, or one view rather than another of State or Federal functions; at the bottom of it is simply an easy-going neglect to take into account a terrible danger, a willingness to run risks rather than go to the trouble and expense of systematically guarding against them, which is one of the defects of the American temperament. In spite of the terrible lessons of the present year, it will require the most persistent endeavor on the part of those who are working for forest protection to bring about the adoption of the measures necessary for safety.

The statement made by Judge Hand the other day, as to the future policy of the United States Courts in New York in reference to flagrant cases of tourist smuggling, is highly interesting and important. In imposing upon a rich business man a fine of $5,000 (in addition to the forfeiture of the goods seized), for attempted smuggling of a large quantity of jewelry and wearing apparel, Judge Hand announced that in future all such offences would be punished by a jail sentence. He took this action after consulting with Judge Holt and Judge Hough; and it is stated that all three of the judges had come to the conclusion that United States Attorney Wise was right in the view he had expressed to the court, that punishment by imprisonment was the only means of preventing the practice. And we are confident that if this remedy is vigorously applied it will have the desired effect. Moreover, it should be remembered that the wholesale searching of the belongings of passengers, which is a disgusting feature of the return of American travellers to their native land, will no longer be justifiable when severe punishment for smuggling, as a genuine crime, shall have reduced the practice to insignificant dimensions.

The International Prison Congress at Washington took a highly important action last week when its delegates, representing thirty-seven nations, unanimously endorsed the probation system for criminals and warmly recommended its extension by all civilized governments. The congress declared in its resolutions that the effects of probation were beneficial when applied with due regard for the protection of the community and to persons who may reasonably be expected to reform without resort to imprisonment, and when the supervision is by competent officials for a reasonable length of time—limitations everywhere recognized as essential to the success of the system. The congress then went so far as to vote that new laws on this subject should everywhere be in-

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troduced and old ones extended, and that each State or country should establish some central authority to exercise general supervision over the probation work. Finally, the congress voted in favor of probation officers in juvenile courts. Naturally, the American, and particularly the New York, delegates are jubilant, for, as is not generally known, probationing of prisoners originated in this country, and the New York State Probation Commission was the first body of its kind the world over.

At a time when the President of the United States has just been giving, by word and act, the strongest kind of testimony to the efficacy and the necessity of the merit system by extending it to the appointment of assistant postmasters, the anomaly presented in New York city by the refusal of the Municipal Civil Service Commission to apply it to the choice of probation officers is peculiarly striking. The plea of impracticability in the appointment of probation officers is answered by the experience of Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, and other cities in this State, and by that of Chicago and other places outside the State. It is late in the day for such a dodge to succeed as that attempted by Senator Grady, who was chiefly instrumental in having a clause inserted in the law declaring that probation officers are the confidential officers of the justices and magistrates. Gov. Hughes, in signing the bill, realized that this language was designed to have the effect of exempting these posts from the competitive system, but stated that no such effect need follow from it. The question is solely whether the posts are such as can properly be filled by competition, and there is really no room for reasonable doubt as to the answer to this question.

The Massachusetts Democrats, like Mr. Hearst's Independence Leaguers, may truthfully lay claim to a representative convention. As with the Democrats at Rochester, there was no union possible on either one of the three leading candidates, Foss, Hamlin, and Vahey. This time the compromise was on an unknown, Frederick W. Mansfield of Boston, who is, however, to resign within seventy-two hours to make way for another selected by a special committee of five. While we welcome conventions of this kind, in which the delegates honestly try to thresh out among themselves the question who shall lead, and while we see in the intensity of the struggle clear evidence of the returning vigor and vitality of the party, we cannot but express our regret that the party could not have united on Charles S. Hamlin. His fitness is so obvious that Republicans and Democrats alike admit that his success would be as probable as anything which lies in the future. Perhaps this unusual committee of five may yet select him as standard-bearer.

The lack of enterprise on the part of our insurance companies is again brought to notice by the publishing of the rates at Lloyds for the risk of George V's coronation. The figures at present range from 8 to 10 per cent., but, it is said, are likely to rise as the date for the event approaches. The possibilities of analogous insurance in this country are at least as numerous. Think of the sleep that it would bring to many a restless pillow to have the certain knowledge that, no matter what happens in November, one will not be financially bankrupt. It is morally certain that the rush to insure their political lives against the accidents of a cruel campaign, by the nervous "Ins" and the doubtful "Outs," would necessitate the opening of a special department in every important insurance office in the land. This department might be looked upon with special satisfaction as a strictly business institution substituted for the recently abandoned political division to be found in most of the big companies.

It will be a pity if Tufts should attach itself to the colleges which shine by reason of silly sensationalism. The sociological professors of the University of Chicago and the psychological president of Clark University have done much to vulgarize the distinction and the elevation of college life. President Hamilton of Tufts (who frankly admitted last spring that women had to be excluded from his college because they were taking too large a share of the honors) says now that female teachers in colleges should be married women or widows. The absurdity of this is apparent. It is true that there is some loss of the best social conditions, for boys and girls both, who leave cultivated families behind them, when they go to college. The ideal surroundings for the young girl would be the home and simple, natural intercourse with young people of both sexes. But girls must go to college, and not every home has a college in its immediate neighborhood. Both the co-educational and the separate college have disadvantages as regards the social life during a formative period. Wise parents make their choice with some reference to the characteristics of the particular girl. But the difficulty is not serious, and to suppose that it will be remedied by such proposals as this of the president of Tufts is on a par with the plea of Stanley Hall that girls should be able, when they feel depressed, to weep on the shoulder of a male teacher.

Col. Gädke, the German military expert, was present at the recent British manœuvres, and gave it as his opinion that the soldiers were excellent but that the generals did not know their business. Resenting this, English newspapers rejoin that Gädke was on the ground only as a correspondent, not as a military attaché, and could not have known much about the orders actually issued or the strategy attempted. However, the criticism of the foreigner is only about what the average Englishman has been free to say. When unlucky Gen. Buller telegraphed, after his first great defeat in South Africa, "The men are splendid," the general comment was, "Yes, but what about their commanding officers?" It has been supposed that an improvement in command has since been effected, but, short of the test of actual war, the British public will remain a little skeptical about this. If Col. Gädke had wished to be cruel, he might have added to his strictures by citing the story of Radetsky and the Piedmontese commanders in 1848. The Austrian marshal is said to have issued the order to his sharpshooters: "Pick off their commissioned officers, but spare their generals, for they are useful to *me*."

The report of the Scottish Education Department on secondary education in that country is being received in England, at least, with expressions of regret over the sad literary conditions in a land "where booksellers have been known to flourish, and where it was

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the boast of every cotter that he knew his Bible and his Burns." The report indicates that the rising generation in Scotland knows little of Scott and less of Burns, who has become to them not so much a literary idol as "a warning example in morality." All this has a familiar sound, almost like an echo from this side of the water. Nor are the explanations offered entirely novel. Mr. Lloyd George hints gently at faulty instruction from teachers, but the *Westminster Gazette* puts the blame upon "children's books," against which the Library Institute recently made a vehement protest. It is with the publishers, declares the *Gazette*, "who have devised for Scotch children less exacting and more attractive hunting-grounds than the prose of Scott and the poetry of Burns, rather than with the literary indifference of these children or of their teachers, that Scotchmen old enough to remember the days when their capital was first called the modern Athens have to reckon, if the claims of their chief city to that title are still to be upheld." Of course, the parents who furnish the money for the "children's books" and have the first chance at their literary taste are, as in other matters pertaining to their offspring, quite irresponsible.

A few years ago anyone who should have prophesied that the London *Times* would issue in 1910 a "Woman's Supplement" would have been threatened with an examination into his sanity. But here is the woman's supplement, following in the train of literary and engineering supplements and a disastrous venture into the book business. In it the anxious mother can learn all about bead-work and "bringing out a daughter," the sportswoman's clothes, Florence Nightingale, the country cottage woman, and the breakfasts she prepares. If this does not shock into a decline the staid British matron who draws the breath of her intellectual life from the *Times*, we shall be surprised. But this is but one of many signs of the difficulties that have beset the *Times* these last ten years or more. What fun *Punch* will have with it need only be suggested. Or will it sarcastically assert that the *Times*, having, as Kinglake put it, been in the graver affairs of women and children "one with them in their hopes and their despair, in their joy and in their sorrow, in their gratitude and in their anger," is now applying itself to menus and underwear, silk stockings, and the proper trimmings for hats?

England's only living Conservative ex-Premier has found a subject worthy of his subtlest ratiocination. At North Berwick recently Mr. Balfour quite unintentionally drove his golf ball into the sea, and is reported to have been surprised "at the unsatisfactory provisions of the rules in regard to such an occurrence." He thereupon formed a resolution to "redraft the rules of golf and submit his suggestions to the rules committee." That such an undertaking is equal, not only in delicacy of adjustment of conflicting interests, but also in its effect upon the happiness of multitudes, to any problem that came before him on the Treasury Bench, is, of course, the most alluring of reasons for his attempting it. The philosopher-statesman's greatest surprise, nevertheless, must have been over his inability, which we cannot believe more than fleeting, to construe the existing rules in such a way as to make their applicability to the water, and even to the air, as plain as the most lucid of his demonstrations of the tax-cheapened loaf.

Where France is to find meat is a question raised by the *Temps*, which points out that the balance between supply and consumption is now so exact that an increase of 10,000 in the number of cattle exported has proved sufficient to cause a rise in the price. Henceforth, accordingly, France will be between two dangers: if cattle are raised for use as beef, there will not be enough veal, and *vice versa*. This limitation in the choice of an important part of one's dinner leads the journal we quote to seek new sources of supply. Isn't it about time, it asks, to draw upon the resources of "our African possessions," which "are immense"? After some consideration of the possibilities of Madagascar, it turns to a larger and closer field, Western Africa "between the forest zone and the steppes which border on the Sahara," and believes it to be comparable to Northern Argentina. There is a difficulty there, however, in the probable opposition to such a development from "le parti protectionniste."

It would be easy to exaggerate the significance of a recent report of the German state railway administration which declares that nothing discovered in its exhaustive investigation of the best methods for preventing accidents causes it to alter its preference for men over mechanical devices. Nevertheless, the generalization is very tempting that such a conclusion is exactly what would be expected of Germany, where a man is able to become, to all intents and purposes, as automatic as a machine, while remaining sufficiently volitional to avoid the stoppages that occasionally beset every machine. In America, on the other hand, one might say, men have too much initiative to do work which calls for a minimum exercise of intelligent choice and direction. There may be some truth in this distinction, but whatever there is, it is not so flattering to the spirit of the New World as some may promptly assert. We rate brilliancy, real or apparent, above everything else, forgetting that the qualities of caution, patience, and, above all, reliability, are the everyday, wearing virtues which no amount of sparkle or even of genius can displace. The fearful trolley disaster in Illinois points this moral anew.

The calling of a conference in Havana by the chief of police with a view to taking counsel as to the numbers of idle and homeless persons crowding the city, calls fresh attention to the abominable evils of the Cuban lottery. For it is to this wicked agency that the sudden increase in vagrants is admitted by the chief of police to be due. Cuba being a small country and its inhabitants of an easily impressible character, the damage done by the lottery is plain to all. The large prizes offered and distributed every week have had a most demoralizing effect not only in Havana, but elsewhere in the island. Even cultivators of small patches of land have ceased to take the trouble to plough or plant. What is the use, they say, when we shall probably win a fortune in next week's lottery? The savings of the poor and their weekly wages flow to Havana so regularly that there is actually a scarcity of small coins reported in the western portion of the island. It is as if the whole island were engaged in one great gambling game, and the weekly profits are declared to be fabulous.

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THE JUDGE AND THE EXECUTIVE.

President Taft's letter to Judge Moody, on the occasion of his retirement from the Supreme Court, contained a passage which has attracted wide attention both on account of its substance and of the depth of feeling which is stamped upon its language. "It was the summit of your ambition," said Mr. Taft, "to become a justice of that court, and there opened before you nearly two decades of hard work, it is true, but work of the highest good to the country. It would all have been such a labor of love. One who has tasted the sweets of judicial life can sympathize with you deeply in this. The approaching of every question for decision with indifference to every consideration except to reach a right and just conclusion and to preserve the fundamental structure of our government as our fathers gave it to us makes the functions of the office most precious to one who feels in every fibre, as you do, their sacred importance."

It is the stress laid upon the function of the court "to preserve the fundamental structure of our government as our fathers gave it to us" which has naturally provoked most comment. Whether so intended by Mr. Taft or not, the solemn expression of his conviction of the "sacred importance" attaching to the Supreme Court's custodianship of the Constitution under which our nation's greatness has been established and preserved could not fail to be regarded as peculiarly significant at a time when an attitude diametrically opposed to this is so conspicuously manifested in other quarters. But, however great the weight attaching to this consideration, we feel sure that the other sentiment expressed in the passage quoted was at least equally operative in the President's thoughts as he wrote to his old associate. One can feel the wistfulness with which he is thinking of an office—one that he himself had hoped some day to fill—in which every question might be approached for decision "with indifference to every consideration except to reach a right and just conclusion." It is an inevitable inference that Mr. Taft has felt keenly during the past eighteen months the necessity of taking into account considerations of a different kind, and, on the other hand, it is equally certain that he would never have used this language did he not desire to make his conduct in executive office conform as nearly as may be with the standard which upon the judicial bench he would regard as a matter of course. The man who easily accommodates himself to the supposed exigencies of shifty policy is not the man to lament over the necessity of compromise.

However, it may be questioned whether the difference between the attitude of a judge and that of a high-minded President is really so great, after all. Unquestionably, the President has laid upon him the necessity of keeping the wheels of government running; he must take into account, far more keenly than does the judge, considerations bearing on the immediate, as distinguished from the remote, effects of his acts; he cannot look so far back into the past for the foundation, or so far forward into the future for the justification, of his decisions. Nor, again, in grappling with the questions before him can he indulge in that rigorous weighing of argument against argument, that patient examination of evidence and sifting of truth from falsehood, which give to the judge a mental gratification inextricably bound up with the satisfaction he takes in the beneficial result of his labors. But, after all this is admitted, it remains true that the moral attitude of the President toward his duties may be fundamentally identical with that of the judge. In every crucial act of his administration, he may appeal to the same criterion of right and wrong, the same test of fidelity to principle and of obedience to the highest duty, as determines the course of the Supreme Court judge when confronted with those doubts and perplexities that constitute the real difficulty of his office.

It is not necessary to go far back into the past to find a concrete embodiment of this idea of the Presidential office. No man can live up to it in every act, and it would be idle to pretend that President Cleveland did so. But to do it so far as was humanly possible was not only his earnest desire and his constant endeavor, but an integral part of his conception of the Presidential office. He had to carry on the government, and he had to make concession to circumstances in order to do so; but when it came to any matter that he regarded as fundamental, he asked no question except what was right and what was wrong; and when he had decided that question, he balked at no personal sacrifice that might be involved in doing his duty as he saw it. He threw away his party following by standing cut like a rock against the silver madness—the only man of high prominence in either party to stand unflinchingly for sound money in fair weather and foul; and what he did in this great cause he did in precisely the same spirit in the matter of private pension bills, and the dependent pension bill, and the Texas seed bill, and Hawaiian annexation. Against the clear dictate of a fundamental principle he admitted no appeal; he did not deceive himself into accepting that which was immediately convenient for that which was right. Just where to draw the line between expediency and principle is a problem which it would be absurd to pronounce easy; nor can it be claimed for any practical Executive that he has at all times lived up to his own highest level in the matter, whatever that may be. But there is no difficulty in recognizing a high standard and a true devotion to it, when they are presented; and we have cited the case of Cleveland because undoubtedly it is the general recognition of these attributes that has given him the high place he holds in the nation's regard.

GOV. HUGHES'S WORK.

The retirement from the Governorship of Charles E. Hughes, after nearly four years of service in that office, should be made the occasion of more than mere compliment. His success has been undeniably great. Not only has he won the admiration of the people of his State in an extraordinary degree, but his work as Chief Executive of New York has made him a national figure. No man ever passed in this country more quickly and surely from the position of an unknown private citizen to that of a recognized public force. But such an effect does not come without adequate cause; and we ought to ask ourselves at this time what that cause was, and what is the peculiar contribution which Gov. Hughes has made to our whole conception of democratic government. A bare summary of his achievements is less instructive than an explanation of the method by which he brought them about, if we can put our hands on it. Gladstone once defined his

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ambition to be to "make the institutions of his country work." Mr. Hughes has certainly made the government of New York work; and no inquiry can be more profitable, whether for present teaching or future guidance, than how he did it.

The element of personality has been, as always, of large weight. A man of less marked ability and compelling character than Gov. Hughes could not have conquered as he has even though striving in the same way. That is fundamental in all these questions. First catch your man. But the finest and most telling personal qualities have to find their modes of expression and exertion, after all. They do not work in a vacuum; they must be in touch with the breathing world. The man of force has to use the tools that others have made for him. In politics he has to take institutions as he finds them and then invigorate them; shaping old forms anew by a fresh and creative hand. And in that spirit Gov. Hughes has labored.

This new breath of life which he infused into our political methods came largely from his steadfast reliance upon reason and justice. No public man ever treated a democracy more consistently as a fair-minded court that could be prevailed upon to see where the weight of argument lies and what is the right thing to do. This was implied in the address which Gov. Hughes made a year or two ago before the Columbia Law School. He said that it had been his passionate desire to see what could be done by applying sheer reason to public affairs. In his case it seems to have been partly the acquired habit of the lawyer. He had been accustomed to arguing cases through; and he set out to convince the people and their representatives that the positions he took were fortified by right reason. He was, of course, greatly aided in this by his remarkable power of lucid statement; but behind that was his unfaltering faith in free discussion as a means of hammering out the truth, and his conviction that the people would cleave to the truth when once they had been brought to perceive it. But this was by no means the whole of it. With this clinging to reason and justice as his only armor, went that complete rejection of the small arts and the sinuous devices of the politician which Gov. Hughes has lived up to throughout his Governorship. He would not dicker or bargain. He would not help his bills through the Legislature by either log-rolling or patronage. Succeeding to Governors who had thought it necessary to threaten and to reward or punish, Mr. Hughes astonished observers at Albany by taking every case on its merits, by signing the bills of his enemies, when they were deserving, as freely as those of his friends. The oldest legislative hand could make nothing of this innovation. It was thought to spell failure. So it did in many matters; but it spelled triumph in others, and in all it spelled consistency and high resolve on the part of a Governor who had placed before himself reason and justice as the sole rules of his action.

If we were to single out one other characteristic which marks off Gov. Hughes's administration from all that had gone before it, we should dwell upon his free resort to the people over the heads of the members of the Legislature. He early foreshadowed this plan. In a speech at Albany, shortly after becoming Governor, he declared that if he could not persuade the Legislature to enact the reforms which he advocated, he should go directly to the constituencies. This he did in instance after instance, and with what effect the whole State knows. It was a new departure in the conception of a Governor's power, which was so striking and, on the whole, so victorious that it attracted attention and provoked imitation all over the country. Woodrow Wilson is to-day promising to do in New Jersey what Hughes did in New York—that is, to insist upon State-wide discussion of State-wide interests, and when necessary to go behind the Legislature to the people. It is one of those great changes that sometimes are wrought in the ongoing of our government without statutory or constitutional enactment, and all owing to the initiative of a bold and self-reliant man who quietly puts old materials to new uses. This goes well, too, with the rising assertion of the power of the States. One can distinctly see the coming of a New Stateism to offset or withstand the New Nationalism; and of that movement Gov. Hughes has been a leading prophet and exponent.

Of him New York took leave last Thursday with sincere regret and a deep sense of indebtedness. The high example which he has set will make lapses from it more difficult and more unforgivable. How the good that he has done will live after his official life is over we get a hint in the way in which both parties have now been forced to adopt his despised and defeated plan for direct primaries. He will not be here at the final triumph, but it will be his triumph. And in many other ways the faithful and unflagging labor which he gave to the State will be fruitful after he is gone. No one but would wish him different in some respects; but we have to take men as they are, and so taking Charles E. Hughes, we gratefully acknowledge that he has ennobled our public life and quickened our hope in democracy.

THE CHURCH AND THE REVOLUTION.

A painful feature of the news from Portugal is the wholesale expulsion of monks and nuns. That a strong anti-Clerical feeling had long existed in the country was well known. Even the Ministry of King Emanuel had its recent clash with the Vatican. In general, conditions across the Portuguese frontier have been very much what they are in Spain. That is to say, a people unquestionably Catholic in their preferences, and seemingly among the most obedient sons of the Church, had conceived a violent antagonism to the political activities and pretensions of the Clerical party. And hostility has been directed with special intensity against the religious orders. Hence it is not surprising that they have had to suffer in the downfall of a Catholic dynasty, yet it is pathetic to find that men and women vowed to a religious life and dedicated to works of charity and beneficence should have so completely failed to endear themselves to the people. Into the reasons we cannot now go, but the result is tragic.

Dispatches from Rome represent the Pope as greatly distressed over the revolution in Portugal. It is not that the Holy See stands for monarchy, or for one form of government as opposed to another, but that the outbursts of the Portuguese people against the Church, with the haste of the new régime to proceed in a pronouncedly anti-Clerical spirit, are causes of great disquiet. That the secular clergy should have been exposed to attack, in addition to compelling the members of the religious orders to leave Portugal must cause

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Pope Pius both grief and alarm. Whereto will this thing grow? May not the anti-Clerical movement press on to new attacks in Spain and even in Italy? Almost within hearing of the Vatican, the Mayor of Rome spoke bitter words about the Pope on September 20. It was the fortieth anniversary of the entry of the Italian troops into Rome, marking the end of the temporal power of the Papacy, and Mayor Nathan, in language of which at least the good taste was open to question, referred to the Vatican as the "fortress of dogma," still clinging to the ideas which the new Rome and the new Italy have left far behind, and as the "last despairing support of the reign of ignorance." These words the Mayor of Rome justified by the recent deliverance of the Pope against Modernism, especially his placing the reading of the periodical press under the ban.

The reference is to the Papal encyclical, issued early in September, absolutely forbidding students for the priesthood to read newspapers or magazines, even when such publications are Catholic. Such a direction seems of incredible severity, but it is set down explicitly in the Pope's letter, *Motu proprio*. And the official explanation is given from the Vatican that this form of the remedy against the disease of Modernism, while admittedly heroic, was necessary—made so by the fault of the rectors of Catholic seminaries. The Vatican statement declares:

> Formerly the permission to read Catholic newspapers and periodicals was left entirely to the discretion of the superiors in the seminaries, but some of these abused their liberty, and under the classification of allowable journals, admitted some that were far from orthodox. The only way to prevent this was to prohibit the reading of any papers or magazines whatever.

This sweeping prohibition by the Pope is set in the proper light by the Vatican correspondent of the *Corriere della Sera*—a correspondent, it should be said, who writes in entire sympathy with the Church, and is, indeed, understood to be himself a Catholic prelate. He takes this latest Papal document as only one step more in the movement against Modernism which Pius X has incessantly pushed since his accession. In public addresses, as well as in private audiences, the Pope has held but one tone about the great peril to the Church which lies in modern ideas. To carry out the Pope's warnings, the Congregation of the Index has been condemning suspected books. In 1906 Fogazzaro's "Il Santo" was put on the list of prohibited books. Later came the encyclical *Pascendi*, and a series of condemnations directed against the chiefs of the Modernist movement—Loisy, Tyrrel, Murri, Schnizler, and others. All that the Pope has now done is to "complete the work, and to eradicate the last traces of the dreaded evil."

We refer to this absolutely *intransigeant* attitude of the Vatican because it helps us to understand much that has been going on in Portugal and Spain and Italy. It is not to be denied that there is something admirable in the simplicity and consistency with which the Pope confronts the problem before him. It was said of Pius IX that he brought the ideas of a parish priest to the administration of a world-empire, and something like that may be said, without derogation, of Pius X. He is the same unaffected man as Pope that he was as Cardinal Sarto. But such troubles as have befallen the Church in Spain and in Portugal, partly in consequence of the absolutely unyielding position taken by the Vatican, and the apparent purpose of the Pope to proceed to one measure after another that the world will call anachronistic, must cause his advisers, and indeed intelligent Catholics everywhere, to wonder if his policy is not mistaken. In the past the Catholic Church has shown itself to be the most wonderful organization on earth for its marvellous flexibility in adapting itself to the changing conditions under which it has to live and do its work. Unless this capacity for adjustment is lost, we may expect to see the Vatican sooner or later taking to heart the hard lessons of these latter days, and showing itself more sensitive and conciliatory to the thought and aspirations of the world about it.

SCIENCE TO THE RESCUE.

Not only the armed struggles of the nations, wars and preparation for war, involve needless waste and blind groping in the dark. In the political contests of the world, in the wranglings over laws old and new, there is vast commotion with slow and small results. We tug and strain, now this way, now that, and there is no telling when the issue will be decided or whether it will be decided right. Millions of persons are enlisted on the one side or on the other, often hardly knowing how or why they came to be there rather than in the opposing camp. As Stephen Blackpool keeps saying, in one of Dickens's greatest though not most widely read books, "It's a' a muddle."

Out of this muddle, so far as regards some at least of the questions which we are thus blindly fighting out year after year, decade after decade, Prof. J. Pease Norton of Yale, in an article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, entitled "The Supreme Court of Science," proposes a means of escape. "Many of the issues," he points out, "which divide the country, in fact all countries, into opposing camps are scientific in their nature. Long campaigns must be fought to decide policies which are capable of easy solution, if only an impartial court existed before which such issues could be tried. Just as technical questions require technical experts, technical issues require a technical court. The Administration at Washington favors the establishment of a court of commerce. Why should there not be a court of science to determine questions of scientific truth, the application and the feasibility of issues based on scientific knowledge?" As a first illustration of the desirability of such a court, Professor Norton instances the question of compulsory vaccination, into which he enters at considerable length; but he goes on to indicate that not only such questions as this, but issues like that of a tariff for protection, or of free coinage of silver, might be effectually disposed of by regular judicial procedure before a high court of science, and a score of wasteful controversies be thus brought to an end.

It is hardly necessary to mention that Professor Norton is too good a democrat to imagine or to desire that the decisions of a court of this kind should be clothed with legal authority. They would simply carry the authority due to public confidence in the ability, attainments, and integrity of the judges and the special juries of experts who had investigated the question and recorded their conclusions. And indeed it can hardly be denied that much needless agitation might be saved by the possibility of reference to such a record. But there is something almost sublime about the writer's calm confidence both in the possibility of judicial perfection in his court, and in the complete sway of sweet

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reasonableness among the people to whom its decisions should be addressed. "Should the supreme court of science," he says, "decide after a fair trial that compulsory vaccination was indefensible on the evidence, and that the practice of vivisection was defensible and desirable within proper limits, two costly 'movements' would be ended with these findings." Well, maybe; but to us it seems that movements in the nature of a protest against prevailing opinion would be quite as likely to gather energy from the sense of something that they could regard as centralized official injustice. And when it comes to such a question as that of protection or of bimetallism, no method thus far revealed to man would suffice for the selection of a jury in which both sides had confidence. A unanimous decision would be taken by the defeated side as the sure sign of a packed court, while a divided judgment would be hailed by the minority as proof positive that their view had respectable scientific warrant.

It is quite true, as Professor Norton says, that "our good people are wearing themselves out trying to form intelligent opinions on all kinds of technical questions without proper evidence presented on either side." But there is no short-cut method by which this state of things can be brought to an end. It might be mitigated by the introduction of some more systematic method of making the public acquainted with the state of expert opinion on these questions; but a radical cure it is idle to expect. In the case of one of the controversial subjects mentioned by Professor Norton the leading nations of the Western world made a gallant effort to do something not unlike what he proposes; but the series of international monetary conferences for the settlement of the silver question constitute nothing more than a monumental warning of the difficulties of such an attempt. To be sure, more than this might be accomplished in other instances; but in matters in which the interests of human beings are directly involved, no amount of scientific sterilizing of the atmosphere will suffice to keep out the germs of dissension. In nearly every instance the court, if it could decide at all, would have to record a decision based on a mere preponderance of merit on the one side or the other; such a thing as an absolute yea or nay could seldom be attainable by a strictly judicial tribunal. And so long as that was the case, the matter would again become, as it was before, an affair of majority conviction and minority doubt or protest. Whatever medical science or economic authority may declare, the followers of Mrs. Eddy will go serenely on their way thinking disease a delusion of mortal mind, and Mr. Moreton Frewen will continue to be immovably convinced that upon the par of exchange between Orient and Occident turns the future weal or woe of European civilization.

POWER TO THINK STRAIGHT.

In one sense it is comforting to hear that the rising generation of Frenchmen cannot write their native tongue decently. For we had supposed that slovenly writing was confined to Americans, and in an offhand way had attributed it to the great influx of broken English to our shores. But the defect is apparently much more widespread, and its cause lies deeper down. The question, as it applies to France, is discussed in an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by the well-known critic, Emile Faguet, in which he admits the distressing condition, even among students intending shortly to teach, but disclaims all responsibility for the university, because, as he insists, it is for the lycée, and not for a higher institution, to instruct in French composition.

The condition described by M. Faguet might well alarm every really thoughtful person, because it is safe to say that if ability to write is dying out in France—a nation of stylists—the same is true in even greater degree elsewhere. Of course, the danger has long been recognized in this country, but doubtless most people have felt that we were well fortified against it. And it is true that in no other country is there so much instruction given in the native tongue. Not only in the secondary school, but into the first year in college, the student is kept everlastingly at it. At Harvard especially there is a strong conscience pricking to huge endeavors. There it is the boast that no man is relieved from the labor of composition until he can write respectably. At any rate, infinite pains have been spent toward a method which should show results. Taking little or nothing for granted in the boy upon entering, those in charge have put him through very simple paces before letting him essay any flourishes. Recently, we learn, the notorious English A has been further improved by a division of the sheep from the goats and the creation of a foreign squad, an awkward squad, and sections for the rest who show not so great infirmities. This is desirable, since it was pretty hard for a Chinaman, say, to keep up with a son of the Mayflower—not that the latter was always so remarkable. In short, for an outsider to listen to the infinite workings of the Harvard method is to wonder why the period of perfect expression does not arrive. Students in sections of not more than thirty each are turned over to a section-hand, as he is sometimes called, and are threatened, pommelled, so to say, and really taught something, for a good instructor will take a quavering or crabbed sentence and lick it into shape, giving the student in the process the clue to a good many tricks of the trade.

Yet despite our pains, M. Faguet's admission concerning France makes us far from hopeful about America. From his discussion of the matter it is clear that the real trouble must lie, here as there, with the element upon which style fundamentally depends—the thinking. For one reason or another, the power to think straight is lessening all over the world, and no doubt the French critic is right in the general causes which he assigns for it. Every one must have seen one of them, at least, operating in this country—the mental dissipation wrought by light reading and all kinds of frivolous entertainment. Of course, the parents who permit this will not soon see the evil of their ways, and probably never will until the college itself assumes some of the responsibility and forces the point home to fathers and mothers. The truth is, we believe, that the college truckles rather too much to the conditions which exist outside. The inner workings of any college office reveal how much allowance is made for the foibles and social ambitions of a boy's people; thus absence from town for a week or so for no imperative reason is sometimes excused, and a boy is treated good-naturedly in spite of shameful blunders, simply because his well-known forebears are scatter-brained. The college, more than is generally supposed, has it well within its power to keep the student immersed in an intel-

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lectual atmosphere. This would not necessarily entail interference with clubs and the social aims of the undergraduate body: society outside is bound to be more or less reflected within. But the intercourse between student and instructor could and should be made strictly intellectual—though in a broad sense—and all recognition of merit by the faculty should be on the same basis.

Coming back to the actual instruction in English composition, one may question whether our college systems are not too ambitious. Students are commonly taught all the various kinds of style, instead of being held for the entire year simply to clear exposition of an idea. It would be desirable if the pure drill were confined to the study of a small number of authors and consisted in the analysis of their thought, day in and day out. By such a method, even the dullest student could hardly fail to get an accurate feeling for nice distinctions of meaning and for that power of sustained and orderly thinking which is so little a part of the rising generation. Once a man can think straight, the chances are that what writing he needs to do will nearly take care of itself.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

Jacob Wassermann is a conspicuous figure in German letters. The philosophical reflection of the Teuton and the torrid imagination of the Oriental blend together in this author, whose reputation was made by a novel of Jewish life, "Die Juden von Zirndorf," and has since been greatly strengthened by his "Geschichte der jungen Renate Fuchs." To the latter, his new book, "Die Masken des Erwin Reiners" (Berlin: S. Fischer), is in some respects a companion. For while Renate has been held up as a model of that purity which, in the language of the moderns, can walk unsullied through the mire, Virginia Gessner embodies that heroic resistance to evil which, with other ethical ideals of our forefathers, has been banished to a garret-corner of the modern conscience. Attractive as is the figure of the girl who carries her symbolical name with unusual grace and distinction, the interest of the reader soon centres in that of the young æsthete who, below the many masks that fascinate the world about him and hide his identity, bears a haunting resemblance to Dorian Gray.

August Friedrich Krause is a Silesian writer who came into prominence some years ago by his novel "Sonnensucher," which traced with unusual insight the growth of a man's inner life. The keynote of the new book, "Das stille Leuchten" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.) is also "the quiet, pure, and strong light which rises from the depths of our soul" and makes us masters of our instincts. But in this story its light is dimmed and disturbed by the lurid flame of elemental passions. A noteworthy achievement is the portrayal of the woman: proud, strong, and firm of will, she has heroic lines of character exceedingly rare among the female types of contemporary fiction. When the man who has won her away from another, a peaceful non-resistant, in savage jealousy kills his rival and on awakening to the realization of his crime thinks of nothing but its effects upon his career, her love for him dies. He, who had been the hero of the village for his physical prowess and jolly good-fellowship, has not the courage to face the consequences of his deed and prepares to flee. The tragedy of these three lives has a many-voiced chorus of villagers and the author shows remarkable skill in their delineation. The story belongs to the provincial fiction favored by the adherents of what is called "Heimatskunst."

The title of Karl von Perfall's new novel, "Hörner trägt der Ziegenbock" (Egon Fleischel & Co.), is reminiscent of "Faust," yet its choice was rather unfortunate for it does not suggest the serious undernotes of the story. A German baron who by nineteen years of hard work in America has done penance for an act of his youth, returns to Germany with a fortune, and under a new name tries to begin a new life. He becomes infatuated with the handsome daughter of an ill-reputed peasant and prepares to marry her. But the attachment excites the antagonism and later riotous hostility of the villagers; for the pet of the girl is a goat which follows her about like a dog, and that arouses suspicions of witchcraft—a fallacy still alive in rural communities of southern Germany. The book is full of reflections on the degeneration of the nobility, the social rehabilitation of its recreants, the superstitions of the peasantry, and the power of the clergy.

Lola Kirschner, who writes under the pseudonym Ossip Schubin, has long been a favorite with American readers of German fiction, some of her books having been translated into English. She is a writer of amazing productivity, but it cannot be denied that her recent work lacks the spontaneity of her earlier books. "Die Tragödie eines Idealisten" (imported by Lemcke & Buechner) is the story of an attachment between a young widow of the Austrian aristocracy and a titled Englishman who has a demented wife at home. Somehow both characters fail to seem quite real. Their love runs the usual course of a clandestine passion which exhausts itself before it is legitimized in the eyes of the world.

Maupassant has many imitators among the younger novelists of Germany. Raoul Auernheimer is not one of the most gifted, but the most daring among them. His "Renée und die Männer" (Egon Fleischel & Co.) is the story of a *demi-vierge* of Vienna, who, after an amusing search for a husband among her many suitors, marries a man she does not care for, but finally falls in love with him. There is a piquant dash in the writings of Auernheimer, though his touch is not as fine as that of his great model. Another volume of Auernheimer is called "Gesellschaft" and contains a collection of short stories in the dialogue form which was so effectively handled by the late Jeanne Marni. A sort of connection is established in the first sketch, where an author and an illustrator meet in a café in the theatre district of Vienna, and, finding people that promise to make good copy, decide to collaborate upon a book. The same characters reappear in the following sketches, and the reader gets an idea of the incidents that make up the days and the nights of the Viennese smart set. The individual characters are sharply outlined, and the book is charged with real vitality.

"Der verirrte Vogel," by Karl Bittermann (S. Fischer), is the story of a woman of the lower middle class of Berlin, who, as landlady of two widely different types of men, both of the intellectual world, resists the timid attentions of the one and yields to the dashing advances of the other. Frau Stilke belongs to those simple women whose morals are spotless until a strong temptation makes them oblivious of principles and scruples. She is a plain woman, but has that feeling for the finer things in life which often grows into an invisible barrier between laborers' wives and their coarser husbands. Yet the author succeeds in awakening the reader's sympathy for the poor deluded victim of a season's passion, who in her fatal flight into a "higher world" is as much a stray bird as the youth whom jealousy of the favored rival and grief over her defection drive to suicide. The book touches some vital problems of metropolitan life with sincerity and seriousness.

Enrica Händel-Mazetti is a notable personality among the women writers of modern Germany. In "Die arme Margaret" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), a story of the Thirty Years' War, she has admirably caught the turbulent atmosphere of the period hot with religious dissension and with the barbarous cruelty of warfare. The heroine, a widow of a Protestant heretic, holding her own against a community hostile to her faith and against a horde of military brutes revelling in legalized bloodshed and plunder, is a figure that seems to have stepped forth from the pages of an early Christian chronicle.

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When she is stirred with pity and implores the authorities to pardon the man whose criminal designs have exposed her and her child to privations, nearly causing their death, the reader receives something like a shock. Yet this step is in perfect harmony with the character of the woman. This is one of the most remarkable books of the year.

There is great variety in the four stories which Emil Strauss has collected under the title "Hans und Grete" (S. Fischer), though they have in common the rarely treated theme of a fraternal affection between man and woman. In the first story this attachment is misunderstood by the lover of the girl. During a boat-ride on the Rhine, he drops the oars, and as the boat drifts down the rapids and is capsized, he and the girl drown, while the innocent friend is saved and lives to tell the tragedy. The second story has for its heroine the Princess Philippa of England and relates her experiences from the time when she disappeared to escape from a hated marriage, until she dies in a German convent. She, too, at a crucial moment finds a brotherly protector in a sturdy peasant who is struck by her resemblance to his dead sister. The grateful devotion of a girl whom a Berlin student meets under equivocal circumstances and saves from the effects of exposure, is the theme of the third story. The last is aglow with tropical sensuousness and thrills with haunting mystery. The hero is a German teacher in a school in Brazil, and the author works out effectively the contrast between his charmingly simple affection for a robust German girl whom he has met in the city, and his infatuation for an elusive apparition in the luxuriant vegetation of an old park. The book is well written and by its originality stands apart from the average output of German short stories.

Carl Hauptmann's new book "Judas" (Munich: George D. E. Callwey) contains three stories, taking its title from the second, the story of a spy in autobiographical form which the author read during his American tour two years ago. The title is symbolical, for the first story, "Einfältige," has also its Judas motif. The daughter of an old peasant couple in Silesia comes back from Berlin, whither she had gone to work as a servant, and gives birth to a child which she leaves with her parents. When she reappears in the village, she brings with her a suitor for her hand, and is duly married. But after the young couple have stolen the old people's savings, they generously leave them the boy and go back to the metropolis. "Graf Michael" is a young nobleman whose irascible father is wont to reproach him at inopportune moments with the artistic temperament inherited from the mother. He has the habit of seeking oblivion for real and imaginary sorrows in association with the visitors of the vilest dens of the city. The psychology of the narrative is good. But unfortunately the author's mannerisms of style mar the enjoyment of his work. His long and involved sentences tend not only to obscure his meaning, but to disturb the rhythm. A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

It can now be announced positively that the great Robert Hoe library will be dispersed at auction, under the management of the Anderson Auction Company of New York city. The first sale will take place in February in the company's new and more spacious premises, at the corner of Madison Avenue and Fortieth Street, which are now being made ready for their removal early next year. All American collectors, librarians, and book dealers should be pleased that the executors have decided to dispose of the great library here, instead of sending it abroad. American collectors have been responsible for the high prices of rare books and there can be no doubt that the keenest competition will be attracted by such a sale. English and Continental collectors will send over representatives, and new high records on great books may be expected.

Mr. Hoe, in his fifty years of book-collecting, covered a wide field, and his library, the most valuable private library in the world, includes rare books in almost every department. It will, however, not be sold by departments, but the first portion, to be sold in February, will include a representative selection from the various departments: manuscripts, early-printed books, books in fine bindings, French books, Americana, first editions, etc.

The fifteen volumes of Mr. Hoe's privately printed catalogue enumerate 13,030 titles, forming 20,962 volumes. This does not include the illuminated manuscripts, a very important and extremely valuable section, and the one in which he took the greatest personal pleasure. The library, we may presume, comprises upwards of fifteen thousand titles, and its value may be estimated at something approximating two millions of dollars.

No such library has ever been dispersed at auction in recent times. The Sunderland Library, removed from Blenheim Palace, sold by Puttick & Simpson, 1881-1883, comprised 13,858 lots, and brought a total of £65,581 6s. William Beckford's library, sold by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, in 1882-1883, comprised 9,837 lots, and brought a total of £73,551 18s. More recently, Lord Ashburnham's library, sold in 1897-1898 by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, contained 4,075 lots, and brought a total of £62,712 7s. 6d. To this may be added the Ashburnham manuscripts, sold in 1901, 628 lots, bringing £33,217 6s. 6d., making a total for the collection sold at auction of £95,929 14s. Earlier than this, shortly after the death of the Earl of Ashburnham, the British Museum had purchased a portion of the manuscripts (the Stowe collection), paying £45,000 for them. Another portion (from the Libri collection) was purchased by the French government in 1888 for £24,000, and others were sold privately. It has been estimated that altogether something more than £160,000 may have been realized for the entire Ashburnham collection of books and manuscripts, between five and six thousand lots.

But the Hoe collection, with its fifteen or sixteen thousand lots, pales beside the great Richard Heber library, which was sold in thirteen sales in 1834-1837, the catalogues describing 54,234 lots, and which brought some £65,000. Heber said: "No gentleman can be without three copies of a book, one to show, one for use, and one for borrowers." Mr. Hoe did not go to this extreme, and there are few duplicates in his library, though he did have two copies of the first of all printed books, the Gutenberg Bible. Another great English library which surpassed in number of volumes even the Heber collection was that brought together by Robert Harley and his son Edward Harley, which was sold upon the death of the latter to the bookseller, Thomas Osborne, in 1742. For this great library, which contained about 400,000 books and pamphlets, Osborne paid £13,000, which was several thousand pounds less than the cost of binding alone. He issued a catalogue in five octavo volumes, 1743-1745, describing 51,561 lots. This catalogue, prepared in large part by William Oldys, and with an introduction by Samuel Johnson, is one of the most interesting of the old library catalogues. The library included a large number of Caxtons, among them Mr. Hoe's unique perfect copy of the first edition of Malory's "Byrth, Lyf, and Actes of Kyng Arthur" (1485); also many of the early tracts on America, which, when they come up at rare intervals nowadays, bring such high prices. Horace Walpole, in 1758, writing of rare books, said:

> A third sort . . . are things become rare from their insignificance. Of this species was that noble collection of foolish tracts in the Harleian library, puritanical sermons, party-pamphlets, voyages, etc., which being too stupid to be ever reprinted, grew valuable as they grew scarce.

The new auction season is now under way, and the four American auction houses will all hold sales the coming week, though nothing very notable will be included. On October 18, 19, and 20 the Anderson Auction Company will offer the library of the late John R. Van Wormer. Fine library sets, many on large paper, and some extra-illustrated; a first edition of Keats's "Endymion" (1818), with the half-title and the errata leaf in the correct earliest state; first editions of Dickens's "Christmas Books," and Audubon's "Birds of America," 7 vols. (1861), are among the more important lots.

The Merwin-Clayton Sales Company will offer on October 18 and 19 the second part of the library of James S. Green, and on October 20 they will sell a miscellaneous collection.

In Boston C. F. Libbie & Company, who have now removed to No. 597 Washington Street, will sell on October 19 and 20 a portion of the library of the late William Plumer, formerly Governor of New Hampshire. A very extensive collection (more than 300 lots) of American and English children's books, chap books and chap-book literature, forms the most notable section of the catalogue, which includes, besides, town histories, genealogies, American annuals, Masonic and anti-Masonic narratives and addresses, and a collection of Revolutionary and early nineteenth-century broadsides.

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In Philadelphia, Stan. V. Henkels will offer on October 21 and 22 a miscellaneous collection from the libraries of James Richmond, W. W. Ruley, and Washington B. Powell, all of Philadelphia.

Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge's season in London opens with a sale on October 26, 27, and 28 of a miscellaneous collection made up from libraries of several owners and including a set of Gould's great work on "Humming Birds" (1861), with 360 colored plates. Their sale of November 3 and 4 includes several specimens of early printing; a set of the nine tracts on the American Indians by Bartolome de las Casas, printed in Seville in 1552 and 1553; Hakluyt's "Voyages" (1598-1600); Linschoten's "Voyages" (1598); Peter Martyr's "Historie of the West Indies" (1612); Purchas's "Pilgrimes" (1625-1626); Audubon's "Birds of America," first octavo edition (1840-44); Wilson and Bonaparte's "American Ornithology" (1808-33); a collection of first editions of Defoe, etc.

Correspondence.

PROBABILISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: My correspondence in your number of July 14 was not, as Mr. J. Alfred Faulkner's letter on "Probabilism" (September 1) supposes, an "apology for the Jesuits." The French edition of Professor Boehmer's book was sent me with Professor Monod's card; and I found the latter's introduction to the book worthy of extended review. As to Probabilism, without asking you to open your columns to unsuitable discussion, may I give the testimony of nearly fifty years' experience among Roman Catholics of the Latin peoples, learned and unlearned, religious and irreligious? My experience confirms my conclusions from all these years of historical study, that no Catholics do, or ever did or ever could, run around to discover casuists authorizing them to "do the act forbidden by the ethics of Jesus" and so avoid being "held up for it in the confessional." Voltaire, with his usual common sense, sums up this particular controversy: "No sect, no society, has ever had or could have a deliberate design to corrupt men" (quoted by Professor Monod).

Professor Monod himself remarks the difficulty of reconciling the Jesuit preacher Bourdaloue's sermons with the controversial view of Jesuit casuistry, and suggests that Bourdaloue may have been at variance with the teaching of his brethren; but a little patient looking through the numberless volumes of other Jesuit sermons of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries would show they were all at one in their moral teaching. Professor Monod, not writing controversy for history, also points out that casuistry, *i. e.*, a body of decisions in formally proposed cases of conscience, is for confessors, just as legal decisions and precedents are for judges, and that it serves to keep the confessor from imposing his own single opinion. Mr. Faulkner, by restating "the situation supposed by Probabilism" in Calvinistic formulas quite displaces the historical question. Independently of Jesuits, and long before the "elevation" of Liguori, who was not a Jesuit, Rome consistently condemned the teaching ("Tutiorism") that there is an obligation under pain of sin (the Catholic formula) to take the so-called "safer" course when the law which alone creates the obligation of conscience has no certain application in the case. Such teaching, for one thing, was often reproached with driving scrupulous souls to madness; and a French pathologist, who does not consider the question of sin since he does not believe in a God of whose law sin is the transgression, has lately maintained that Pascal suffered at the end from religious mania. That Jansenist vigor turned ordinary mortals from religious practice is an historical commonplace used to explain the French Revolution.

Mr. Faulkner says I "confuse the matter" by referring to the philosophical basis of Probabilism; yet the name itself rests on philosophical, and not on theological, teaching. It comes from Cicero's use of the word *probabilis* in his exposition of Greek philosophy; and the only weight which casuists attach, in uncertainties of conscience, to the "opinion endorsed by one learned teacher", or by many, is the probability added to the original reasonableness of the opinion by such supposedly responsible and competent authority. But Probabilism is also constantly applied in their books from considerations of reason alone, without doctors' authority, as may be seen in practical expositions like Gury's, which Paul Bert brought into the French Parliament in my time, or in Pascal's Escobar, or in any present-day Latin manuals for the use of Roman Catholic theological seminaries. And this principle for the guidance of reason, of which conscience is a function, is, as I said, philosophically identical, though in varying subject-matter, with that used by the Anglican Butler and the atheist Mill.

Professor Monod takes pains to recognize that the use of the principle in Roman Catholic casuistry, which once again concerns "sin" and not "ethics," is largely in the confessor's decision as to obligations consequent on sin, such as restitution of ill-gotten goods, avoidance of scandal, incurring of ecclesiastical censure, and the like. It is doubly curious that the poet Browning should have made his Bishop Blougram apply Probabilism precisely in a case where Rome had condemned its application; and that this application of it was one of Pascal's practical arguments, often cited, for holding fast to Christianity. The philosopher Renouvier, however, says that Pascal was conscious of his lapse and afterwards explained it away as reasoning *ex hypothesi*.

I seize the opportunity to draw attention to the constant enriching of French history by new documentary researches concerning the lives, opinions, and influence of Pascal and the Jansenists of Port Royal and their friends. A bibliography would be needed to index the most recent authentic editions, books, and review articles in this field. I am still more grateful to Mr. Faulkner for allowing me, outside my own province, to point out the inestimable value of the publication of John Wesley's manuscripts which has been undertaken by his disciples. We should not let his influence as the chief dissolvent of the older Calvinism in America eclipse the fact that well-nigh all earnest English thought centred in him at one period of the eighteenth century. I cannot give my references from readings of forty years since; but I did not invent or guess that the "missions" which had interested Wesley in Italy first suggested to him systematic "revivals." Whether these missions were preached by disciples of Liguori or by Jesuits is a question of date. If I remember, it was a contemporary who remarked the resemblance. Curiously enough, the objections made against Wesley's spiritual "method," which his primitive disciples practised and so acquired their name of Methodists, were very much like those brought against the "spiritual exercises" of the founder of the Jesuits. In notes on his readings, Wesley mentions a life of Ignatius of Loyola and compares his Christianity with that of Cromwell—unfavorably to both. I may add, since Mr. Faulkner refers to the Quakers of the seventeenth century, that their theologians Barclay and L'Abadie had the Jesuit spiritual formation to start with.

I am sorry Mr. Faulkner should accuse me of sarcasm with respect to Professor Boehmer's "habits of mind." I thought I had given more than sufficient examples, and they might have been multiplied; but sarcasm profits neither to truthful history nor to valid criticism. S. D.

Biarritz, September 24.

THE TRAVELLER AND THE TRAMP ROYAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: During a desultory search for entertainment among the great names of the eighteenth century, a comparison, ludicrous but irresistible, suggested itself. It may not be seemly that the sedate and profound meditations of Goldsmith's "Traveller" should bring to mind the audacious, happy-go-lucky philosophy of Mr. Kipling's "Sestina of the Tramp Royal"; but the idea, once conceived, is hard to dismiss. It may be that, after all, the comparison is not so impertinent as it seems at first thought, for it is entirely probable that the Traveller would bore Mr. Kipling quite as much as the Tramp would have offended Goldsmith's classical taste.

As far as form goes, the two poems have nothing in common, except five iambic feet to the line, and each illustrates admirably the literary characteristics of its own century. The elegant diction, slow movement, and elaborated thought of the one form a sharp contrast to the rapid, succinct colloquialism of the other. Dialect poems were beneath the literary aristocrats of Goldsmith's day; and to frame a bit of serious philosophy in language literally taken from the vulgar would doubtless have been held the height of inconsistency. On the other hand, if "The Traveller" were sent to one of our leading magazines to-day, what would its chances be with the editor?

When we examine the thought which underlies the form, it is curious to see that, in spite of differing aims and temperaments, the two wanderers arrive at many similar conclusions. The temperamental difference appears in the first verse of each poem. The Traveller, drawn by ties of affection, wanders unwillingly,

> Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.

There is a suggestion of pose about him, and he evidently takes himself and his mission very seriously. The Tramp is frankly irresponsible, and is sufficiently a child

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of this introspective age to know that his wander-fever is a definite psychological condition, and that all roads are good

For such as cannot use one bed too long
But must get 'ence, the same as I 'ave done,
An' go observin' matters till they die.

The Traveller gives a conscientious, detailed account, extending through many instructive but somewhat wearisome couplets, of the countries and customs studied in his pilgrimage. The Tramp, with charming simplicity and twentieth-century conciseness, reduces the panorama to its lowest terms:

Speakin' in general, I've tried 'em all,
The 'appy roads that take you o'er the world.

And to him, "The different ways that different things are done" gives an adequate idea of what he has seen.

A most interesting point is the way in which each of our philosophers analyzes his own sensations and motives. The Traveller voices his unrest:

Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned.

The Tramp, perhaps with keener insight, observes:

It's like a book, I think, this bloomin' world,
Which you can read and care for just so long,
But presently you feel that you will die
Unless you get the page you're readin' done,
And turn another—likely not so good;
But what you're after is to turn 'em all.

A psychological problem here suggests itself. It sometimes happens that one who believes himself to be pursuing a lofty purpose is merely following the bent of his temperament; and, likewise, one who thinks he is drifting aimlessly may be in reality reaching out blindly for sweetness and light. May it not have been "something in his 'ead" that upset the Traveller? And was the Tramp, perhaps, animated by deeper motives than he knew? The Tramp, indeed, has rather the advantage. He cherishes no lofty illusions as to his motives; but, for all that, there is a certain self-respect about him, and he seems to have spent in honest labor the time employed by his eighteenth century prototype in sitting upon mountain-tops, engaged in pious meditation. His testimony is clear:

I've turned my 'and to most, and turned it good,
In various situations round the world—
For 'im that doth not work shall surely die.

The difference in temperament is again apparent at the close. After following the Traveller's fortunes to the end, one feels that his pilgrimage has saddened him, and that he has found the world a somewhat depressing place on the whole. Not so the Tramp, who concludes:

Gawd bless this world! Whatever she 'ath done—
Excep' when awful long—I've found it good,
So write before I die, 'E liked it all.

CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN.

Philadelphia, October 5.

CUSTOMS AMENITIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I came in this morning on the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria. I had with me only a few trifles purchased abroad. I could only declare three bottles of ink (costing about 18 cents), three bits of Dresden china (costing about $3.75), one suit of Jäger flannel (costing $5). Otherwise I had nothing which I had not taken abroad with me. I was charged $2.40 as fine or duty (it is not stated which) on the three bits of china, on the plea that they are household goods. They are bon-bon holders. According to the slips distributed to us on the ship I am entitled to bring in $100 worth of personal belongings. I actually brought in less than $10 worth, some of which was passed free. But on $3.75 of it I am made to pay $2.40 fine or duty. Perhaps it doesn't count for much if one confesses to being ashamed of a country which can annoy and exasperate its citizens with such petty meanness.

J. R. S. STERRETT.

Cornell University, September 26.

BIOGRAPHICAL SINCERITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When an ecclesiastical council of a certain church organization meets to select a saint for canonization, an *advocatus diaboli,* or sort of prosecuting attorney, is appointed, whose business it is to collect and present all that can be said against the character of the proposed saint. In the preparation of a biography, when the work is to be done by a friend and admirer of the subject, would it not be well to have an *advocatus diaboli* appointed? His findings could be printed in an appendix, and two editions of the book could be published, one without the appendix, for the family and friends, and one with it, for those who want to know the truth.

This idea is suggested to me by reading several recent biographies of public men in which their lives are pictured as absolutely flawless. A. W. MACY.

Chicago, October 3.

THE NOSE IN POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As Mr. Rockwell in your issue of September 29 finds only Holmes to cite in proof of his contention that the poets have not neglected "the manly nose," permit me to anticipate any attempts to work this theme back into past centuries of appreciation by reverting to a poem published a couple of thousands of years ago by one Vyāsa, who describes his hero Battle-strong as "possessed of light complexion, slender height, a monstrous nose, and enormous eyes." Oriental exaggeration must be allowed for, as also perhaps an unconscious reversion to that Aryan ideal in the Rig-Veda which provokes contemptuous allusion to "foes with no noses," as opposed to those whose very gods were said to be gifted with good noses. But also to anticipate remote allusions to heroines as well as heroes, may I close with a citation from another Hindu whose epic heroine is described thus: "She has fair hair and fair is her nose; graceful is she, as were she the goddess of this wood, radiating beauty like Fortune herself." Thus Vālmīki, portraying the perfect woman Sītā, and, by implication, even divine beings. "Having a good nose" is a common description of heroes in both the Hindu epics. E. W. H.

New Haven, Conn., September 30.

Literature.

THEORY AND PRACTICE OF PUBLIC LIFE.

The Old Order Changeth. A View of American Democracy. By William Allen White. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Public Mindedness. An aspect of citizenship considered in varous addresses given while president of Dartmouth College. By William Jewett Tucker. Concord, N. H.: The Rumford Press.

These two books represent instructively certain differences between the most advanced political thinking of the East and the West. And if the distinction may be packed into a phrase, the Eastern publicist believes in criticism as a preliminary to action, while the Western publicist would act first and criticise afterwards. Both are convinced democrats, but Mr. White trusts the people in a somewhat mystical sense, and regards their decisions as instinctive and partaking of the divine. Mr. White believes in leadership, but hardly emphasizes its need. With or without leaders, the people will muddle through to some expression of its will. President Tucker thinks leadership all important and trusts rather little to the collective initiative. The editor manifests a more breezy faith and a vaguer logic; the college president, as might be expected, displays a broader historic sense and a more calculating spirit. Oddly enough the New England clergyman gives a stronger sense of worldly wisdom than does the Kansas editor.

In a rapid survey of our national history, Mr. White shows how republicanism fell under the control of a moneyed oligarchy, a process completed in the last decade of the nineteenth century and embodied in the personality of Mark Hanna. The new century has been distinguished by a remarkable democratic reaction. With mysterious unanimity and almost without visible leadership, the people have been reclaiming and extending their control. The right to nominate Senators, the initiative and referendum, the recall and the direct primary, these are issues that have triumphed widely and will, in Mr. White's opinion, prevail universally. From the small beginnings of a partially reformed civil service and the secret ballot, the appetite for self-rule has grown until the old-style boss has become obsolete. An incident of this silent democratic revolution has been the increasing inclination of the people to do its own business. Municipal trading is everywhere popular, city debts for water, light, and transportation constantly mounting. Government regulation of rates is merely a symptom of sentiment for government operation of railways. Arguments from efficiency and expense are met by the simple response, "the people wills it."

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Such, in brief is the picture and eulogy of the new democracy as drawn by Mr. White. As usual he does not spare the colors.

In the main it is a just and striking presentation of the political ferment of to-day. A criticism or analysis it can hardly be called. No shadow is admitted except the relative inefficiency of our schools. Mr. White admits that the average child loses about two years by wasteful methods of instruction, but feels that the evil will promptly produce the remedy. Only raise salaries and attract more male teachers, reimburse poor parents for the time of their children at school, and all will be well. In fact Mr. White is by no means free from the prevailing superstition that most desirable things can be bought, from street railways to efficient male teachers. What he does not perceive is the danger of an education that informs without instructing. We have five million graduates of high schools and colleges in America, and yet a serious book of literary or educational criticism is lucky to find a thousand purchasers. In short, we are possibly in some peril of overproducing the average, hopeful, half-educated person, complacent in the consciousness of powers which he does not possess, refractory to leadership, except that of his own sort, more eager to undertake difficult private and political enterprises than able to carry them through successfully. We somewhat lack clear ideals, such standards as science imposes upon Germany, and specialized education upon France. Instead, Mr. White would have us put our trust in strenuous farmers with motor cars, mechanical piano-players, and unlimited subscription to the muckraking magazines. The merits of this class we do not disparage, we merely should be glad to see it more ready to acknowledge spiritual achievement and more apt to produce real leaders. Of such leadership, Mr. White himself might seem to be an excellent example, but he evidently lacks the sterner qualities that could rebuke a public bent upon folly.

A disagreeable feature of his book is his comment on the personnel of the Federal courts. To show the hesitation of the Federal courts toward new problems is well enough. Such a tentative attitude does credit to our national judiciary. Mr. White's list of the Federal judges appointed between 1891 and 1909, and their endorsers seems to us an unworthy piece of innuendo. The implication is that these justices are of capitalistic bias, that lawyers of equal legal talent, but of more liberal temper could and should have been found, and that since 1909 the appointments have been of a very different character. We believe that all of these inferences are false, mischievous, and superfluous. No significant fact is involved, except the proper conservatism of the bench, and, as Mr. White himself points out, if evil there be, it bears its own remedy, since the Federal courts are quickly renovated and the appointments automatically influenced by the current feeling of the people. Despite the drawbacks of this book, it does tell most lucidly just what is working in the popular mind. Those who by no means share Mr. White's easy optimism may learn from him the sentiments with which sane leadership must reckon.

President Tucker's two dozen addresses delivered before all sorts of hearers show naturally a certain inequality. What distinguishes them all is the emphasis set upon individual character. "Good Citizenship Dependent Upon Great Citizens" is the first address. It sets the tone for the others. To the inadequacy of mere education, President Tucker is fully alive, also to the hazards of character—the dangers of complacency, the possibility of moral collapse. This is old-fashioned teaching. Many of us prefer to depend upon instinctive collective movements which may or may not make for righteousness. Upon these unconscious movements our author lays little stress. His argument is pretty consistently *ad hominem*. Such subjects as "The Spiritual Life of the Modern City," with especial regard to the increase of small cities and their social advantages; "The Conscience of the Nation," a sermon preached when the Cuban war was imminent; "The Revival of Civic Pride in the Commonwealth of New Hampshire"; "The Ownership of Land"; "The Mind of the Wage Earner," a plea against class enmity; "The Rights of the Period of Education," "Arrested Education—How Recovered"—such subjects as these are typical, besides a number of topics more nearly related to collegiate education. In many instances, President Tucker covers the ground of Mr. White, and frequently agrees with the Kansas publicist. Their discussion of the defects of public education are strikingly similar in tone and in results. They part company in respect of the need of a serviceable superiority—of trained leaders. Mr. White assumes that these will rise as a kind of emanation from the mass; President Tucker believes that deliberate training will best produce our guides. Mr. White's book is obviously adjusted to the mood of the day, President Tucker's urges a kind of personal obligation which up-to-date man is prone to transfer conveniently to the State, and such traditional teaching may not make much of a stir. However that be, the commonwealth is fortunate in which fundamental principles have been upheld with such sobriety and vigor. The effect of such counsels may well outlast that of Mr. White's genial appeal to a collective efficiency which is to dispatch masterfully what is supposed to be everybody's business and nobody's.

An American Citizen, the Life of William Henry Baldwin, jr. By John Graham Brooks. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

Without the usual biographical materials, for the late W. H. Baldwin, jr., wrote few letters, and apparently kept no journals, Mr. Brooks has given a vivid presentment of one who was emphatically a citizen. Inheriting from his father a fine tradition of philanthropy, Baldwin's forceful and lovable character gave promise of greatness even to his college mates. After graduation at Harvard in 1885, there was a characteristic period of hesitation. His concern was to choose the calling that permitted the cleanest success and afforded the best opportunities for doing good. The ministry was considered, but the chance of a Western position with the Union Pacific determined his vocation. For nine years he remained in the West, being rapidly promoted; at thirty-one he was general manager of the reorganized Southern Railway, at thirty-three president of the Long Island system, a position which he held until his untimely death in 1905.

During his railway experience he touched most of the sore spots of our industrial life—strikes, drunkenness of employees, rebates, unfair traffic agreements, and, during his Southern days, the race problem. He made it his task to understand these evils and to seek their remedies. Gradually he worked out a system of business morality which he expressed, as regards the railway business, in lectures at Cornell. The kernel of his system was Socratic, that men sin more from ignorance than from malice. Publicity of great transactions, full explanation between employers and employed, between corporations and the people, he felt to be the beginning of industrial righteousness. In fact, candor, and with it kindness, were the ruling passions of the man. His axiom was that people would usually do the reasonable thing when all the facts were understood. Confronted with a strike on the Southern Railway, he prepared for the men an elaborate report showing clearly that the earnings of the road did not permit the increase of wages, and that executive salaries had been cut more severely than wages. The explanation was accepted. In a similar spirit of getting at the facts he served the Southern Educational Committee and the Committee of Fifteen on the Social Evil in New York City. What he sought was primarily clear vision, without which interference is mere blundering. His own cheerful and resolute optimism had worked wonders with weaker men, and his faith in democracy was a kind of religion. During the exposure of spoliation by corporation managers he

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declined to fix personal guilt. We had all sinned together, in providing temptation or in yielding to it; the grandees of finance had merely offended as humbler men would have done under like conditions. What he desired was a general amnesty, a proper revision of the moral and penal code, and a fresh start. He even imagined some process of personal conversion by which Trust magnates should agree to play fair, should consent to make money more slowly, and admit the expediency of working with instead of against the people. He cherished a vision of the ten or more great managers of finance meeting in committee and honestly promising to be good.

There was about him an old-fashioned plainness and integrity that led him to the heart of difficult problems. He assumed that the State had a right to regulate corporations the magnitude of whose business affected the public welfare. He assumed that if employers might combine, so might, nay, must, employees. He was a friend of the unions and of the open shop. From the simple observation that the negro of property was respected dated his zeal for Tuskegee, which he long served as trustee, and for industrial education for the negro. There was in this eminently simple and practical man much of the spirit of science, but his investigations were tinged with an extraordinary tenderness. He felt as deeply as he saw clearly. As an example of a sensitive conscience unscathed among great affairs his life is of singular value. To his friends this biography will be of absorbing interest, and even strangers may glimpse in it the traits of a sweet, resolute, and most serviceable personality.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Husband's Story. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Of Mr. Phillips's novels it must be said, at least, that they are never mere literary performances. He always has something "on his chest"—something that must be got off for his own comfort. He delivers his message in a tone of loud and cheerful disgust. Whatever at the moment he loathes most in modern life becomes, for that hour, the darling of his pen. If (as we have more than once suggested) his rôle is virtually that of the bull in the china-shop, it is clear that he has no suspicion of the fact. He smashes away with the solemn zeal of a prophet, and the attendant crash and jingle are sphere-music to his robust sense. His most cherished hatred, as his readers know too well, is reserved for the sins and follies of fashionable life. If for an instant, in "White Magic," he seemed inclined to look with indulgence upon certain persons born or bred under the curse of "society," he has promptly, and let us hope, permanently, repented. For Mr. Phillips is far more amusing, as well as more profitable, when he is discharging his proper mission than when he is experimenting with the material of Robert W. Chambers.

As a piece of literary art "The Husband's Story" is atrocious; and experience of Mr. Phillips does not incline us to lay its atrocity altogether at the door of the supposed story-teller—a flimsy "dramatic" man of straw, if there ever was one. Godfrey Loring is intended to stand as a superior example of the American business man, brought close to ruin by contact with the accursed "American woman." We do not mean financial ruin, for Loring's business activity is able to keep pace even with his wife's extravagance. But his money is won at the expense of his moral nature—a fact of which the woman pretends to be ignorant, and to which she is really indifferent. Her father is an undertaker, and Loring's is a small grocer, in a small and dingy city. The girl, with her little soul, marries Loring out of pique. He has, by chance, the business sense, and they presently find themselves with money to spend. The woman's ambition is aroused. We follow the pair by way of a Brooklyn purgation to the glories of a New York establishment. Social supremacy for herself and her daughter becomes the woman's sole aim, and Loring contemptuously applies the golden key to New York's most exclusive set. But there is another world to conquer on the other side of the water: the upshot of it is that the daughter becomes a marchioness and the mother a princess—by virtue of Loring's money. We leave the man at the outset of a fresh matrimonial experience. The motive, it will be seen, is anything but novel: for some reason title-hunting is a pet theme of the hour. The striking thing about the book is its truculence. Under the transparent cover of Loring's authorship, Mr. Phillips hoarsely bellows his contempt for American womanhood. He is continually dropping his story to insult the "gentle reader"—"you, with the foolish, chimera-haunted brain, with the silly ideas of life, with the ignorance of human nature including your own self, with the love of sloppy and tawdry clap-trap." He has begun the tale with the admission that the American writer of fiction must "catch the women"; is he right, we wonder, in fancying that abuse will serve for bait?

The Soul of a Serf: A Romance of Love and Valor Among the Angles and Saxons. By J. Breckenridge Ellis. Chicago: Laird & Lee.

If the heaviest battalions are proverbially possessed by an ally of unmatchable distinction, the beaten cause is at least reasonably certain of the services of Romance. It is Arthur, the briefly successful leader of a forlorn hope, who lives in song and story the flower of kings; the deeds of the Germanic conquerors of his people found no lasting reflection in literature. Not till the Anglo-Saxons themselves were on the defensive do we get the fine valor of the "Battle of Maldon."

In the present romance we meet with some authentic folk: Penda, the fierce Mercian; Coifi, the heathen high-priest whose naïvely pragmatical views of religion are recorded by Bede, and a somewhat too faint-hearted Edwin of Northumbria. Antiquities, too, are not slighted; the gleeman's song is heard in the mead-hall, shields clash assent, the ethics of the *comitatus* are acted out, people talk about the folk-moot and (so hard error dies) about drinking mead from the skulls of their enemies in Valhalla. But the incredibly brave and high-minded hero and the incredibly beautiful and disdainful heroine, though they for the nonce find themselves in this Germanic museum, essentially are not of it. Their pedigree is quite other. For Usfrey, who from a ceorl becomes ealdorman, and for Cuthberga, who, like the fairy-tale princess, marries him out of spite, the course of true love is as thrillingly troubled with whirlpools and sunken rocks as for any hero and heroine between the covers of a book; who, indeed, they are. There is, besides, some good fighting.

An appendix supplies some historical background. In the main it is sensible, but it is scarcely judicious to deny to Celtic Christianity a particle of influence upon English culture or to ascribe to the Anglo-Saxon of the seventh century an unswerving faith in the entire mythology of the Norse Eddas.

The Motor Maid. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

This story of the Williamsons' differs only in the slightest degree from their other automobile novels. Having made themselves supreme in the motor-car field, they have worked with increasing industry and devotion. Incidentally, they have made most of their readers learn a good deal about European geography and history. We know of devotees of the products of this co-partnership who annually follow in the tracks of the latest Williamson heroine, and the increased sales of a certain motor-car mentioned by these authors in one volume are said to have necessitated a new factory; we are even told that where one tourist to France buys a Baedeker, two buy a Williamson. More than that, we are asked to believe that every American girl whose father is a millionaire beseeches her "Dad" to take her and a motor-car to Europe, and to hire a chauffeur abroad in the expectation that he will surely prove one

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of those dukes or princes in disguise who, according to the Williamsons, form a majority of all able-bodied European motor-car drivers.

In the "Motor Maid" the two persons who occupy the front seat of the automobile are people of exquisite taste, gentle birth, and astounding historical and literary knowledge. Both are in temporarily straitened circumstances, and therefore act as maid and chauffeur to two quite unattractive *nouveaux riches* in a light blue, sixty-horsepower car. The maid is warned against all chauffeurs, but "never was a chauffeur so long, so slim, so leathery as this one." Long and slim as he is, he slips speedily into her affections. As for the rest of the volume, the transformation of the chauffeur into the lady's protector, brother, and fiancé is rapid enough to please the most exacting maid of sixteen. Why not? A romance that takes place in a sixty-horsepower motor ought surely to move with more than lightning speed, and so the reader is transported from Cannes into Italy and then into France and up to Paris, learning all about the scenery and history of the country from the wise maid and chauffeur. As usual, the descriptions are excellent, and they afford a pleasant contrast to the human beings who ride in the car. As a whole, the volume entertains. But if we must explore so many miles of country in the course of our light reading, a road map of Europe at the end of each volume would add much to its charm—and to its usefulness as a guide-book.

The Hollow Needle. By Maurice Leblanc. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The secret of the hollow needle, which has been in the possession of Cæsar and Charlemagne and Louis XIV and Louis XV and Napoleon and has now come to the knowledge of the egregious Arsène Lupin, is so incredibly fantastic as to spoil a detective story which otherwise has many interesting qualities. How the young Parisian student wrestles with the Napoleon of crime for his secret, and the conclusion, must be left to the discovery of the reader of the book.

The Window at the White Cat. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.

One of the peculiarities of this detective story is the absence of any real detecting. The hero, a lawyer this time, and not a reporter, is busy haunting dark windows and exploring midnight corridors, but for the most part he fails to discover anything through falling down dumb-waiter shafts or bumping his nose or forgetting his shoes. And when the mystery is revealed, it is as much a surprise to him as to the reader. And there is a vast amount to reveal. The iniquities of politics and the eccentricities of woman never before created so complicated a series of mysterious happenings, including murder and disappearance. The best thing in the book is the description of the political club called the White Cat; that is an invention of genius. The poorest thing is the disappearance of Aunt Jane, which does indeed darken the mystery of the plot, but only by an illegitimate trick on the reader. The author's sense of humor is at times delightful, and, oddly enough, seems not at all out of place in a story of blood and horrors.

A GREAT CATHOLIC BISHOP.

The Life and Times of Bishop Challoner. By Edwin H. Burton, D.D. Two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $7 net.

Those who contemplate the present strength and prosperity of the Catholic Church in England are too often apt to forget the terrors and sufferings of that dark and distressing but yet comparatively recent epoch in its history which stretches from the Revolution of 1688 to the first Relief Act of 1778. Identified in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries with the interests of a detested Spanish power, which gave way in the age of Louis XIV to an equally detested French one; coupled in men's minds with the vast majority of real rebellions and plots (not to speak of the even larger proportion of grossly exaggerated or wholly fictitious ones) in which Tudor and Stuart history abounds, it is small wonder that the cause of Roman Catholicism in England suffered at the hands of the subjects of "Dutch William" and his successors. They were debarred from the enjoyment of many privileges, disabled from holding office, and on occasions actually persecuted. That it was ninety long years after the "glorious Revolution" before this policy began to be modified, need not occasion too much surprise. The "Fifteen" and the "Forty-five" gave renewed proof that the old alliance of Catholicism with England's political foes on the Continent was not yet utterly forgotten; while the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in France, and the interpretation of "Cujus regio, ejus religio" by some of the less enlightened German princes, not to speak of the policy of Spain and of the majority of the Italian states, showed that, though the wars of religion were past, the embers of the old hatreds and jealousies continued to burn.

During this dark period of doubt and suffering, the foremost figure among the English Catholics was Richard Challoner, Bishop of Debra, and vicar apostolic of the Southern and most important of the four "districts" into which the Catholic flock in England was divided, for administrative purposes, from 1688 to 1840. Born three years after the accession of William III, the son of a Puritan father who died when he was very young, the future bishop was brought up in Catholic surroundings, and sent at the age of fourteen to be educated for the priesthood at the English college at Douay, where he remained, almost uninterruptedly, as student, priest, vice-president, and professor till 1730. In that year he finally received permission to resign his offices at the college and go as a missionary priest to London; here he devoted himself to the cause of Catholicism in England, until his death half a century later. He is best known for his theological and devotional books, which number nearly two score. "The Garden of the Soul" (1740), "The Memoirs of the Missionary Priests" (1741-2), and the "Meditations" (1754) are perhaps the most famous, and on them succeeding generations of English Catholics were brought up. But his activities were by no means limited to the authorship of these works. In addition to his difficult episcopal duties (he was consecrated bishop in 1741), he founded two Catholic schools in England which survive to-day as St. Edmund's and St. Wilfrid's Colleges, and was the benefactor of the English Catholic colleges on the Continent. He strove in every way to alleviate the sufferings of his co-religionists, and to gain for them the toleration which they began to enjoy in his last years. "He was not, indeed, a man of genius, or even of striking originality. By nature he was a stanch conservative, who loved to walk in the old paths. But he possessed marked intellectual ability and that strong practical sense which knows how to turn knowledge to daily use." It is doubtful if a more brilliant or daring man would have served the Catholic cause as successfully as he did, in that day and generation. The Catholics were in such a minority that they could not hope to gain their ends by force; they must rather suffer long and uncomplainingly, and thus prove beyond the possibility of a doubt that religious dissent no longer walked hand in hand with political rebellion. Under such circumstances, a leader of indomitable patience, absolute self-abnegation, and preeminent personal holiness was a priceless boon—and such a leader they possessed in Challoner.

Dr. Burton's book is a most thorough and scientific piece of work, a monument of careful, painstaking scholarship—a trifle too exhaustive, in fact, to appeal to readers who are not specialists in this particular field. It is much more than a life of Challoner; it is really a history of English Catholicism in the eighteenth century. Though frankly a panegyric, the book does not

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give the impression of prejudice or partisanship; for the hero was one of those rare personalities whose character commanded the admiration of friend and foe alike, and Dr. Burton wisely refrains from going out of his way to censure the statesmen and churchmen who opposed him. As a biography of Challoner, it may justly be described as final; and no student who is interested in the religious movements of the eighteenth century, or in the history of the Catholic Church since the Reformation, can afford to ignore it.

The Campaign of Trafalgar. By Julian S. Corbett. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $4.50 net.

Following up his solid studies of Drake and Drake's successors in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Mr. Corbett has now written what is likely to remain for some time the definitive account in English of England's naval policy in the momentous year 1805. Popular imagination and general histories have been wont to approach the subject merely in its relation to the figures of Napoleon or Nelson.

There is the fascination of Napoleon's grandiose project of the invasion of England and his Boulogne flotilla. There is a glamour about Nelson's chase after Villeneuve to the West Indies and back, his warning to England, and three months later his brilliant action at Trafalgar. Mr. Corbett, however, though he has a great enthusiasm and admiration for England's naval heroes, is not concerned with hero-worship, or led astray by legends. He has made a minute study of the diplomatic correspondence of 1805, and of papers in the Foreign Office as well as those in the Admiralty Office. On the basis of these he traces in a clear and vigorous fashion Pitt's general war and naval policy. Most writers have looked upon the naval campaign of 1805 merely as a defensive movement; Nelson has been regarded as saving England from Napoleon's invasion. But Mr. Corbett shows that in reality the campaign was an offensive one. Of course, it was the prime duty of the English fleet not to allow any descent upon the English coast. But Mr. Corbett takes his reader to sit with the venerable Barham and the Sea Lords in the dingy little offices in London, and lets him listen to Pitt and Melville, and shows him how the far-seeing and sure purpose of these men was more than the mere defence of England. They were aiming, in coöperation with Russia and Austria, to secure for England more territory and power in the Mediterranean, and to seek out and destroy the French fleets in their own French waters. It is Mr. Corbett's admirable statement of the general naval policy, of which Trafalgar was but the culminating incident, which makes his volume of special value. In saying this, we do not mean to imply that he has been neglectful of the battles upon the sea. On the contrary, he has a good deal that is new in regard to the naval tactics of Collingwood, Cornwallis, and Nelson. His account of Trafalgar itself is very careful and quite detailed. He gives elaborate charts, several contemporary plans of battles, and a very interesting list of all the signals set by Nelson on the morning of Trafalgar.

For the futility and madness of Napoleon's naval orders the author can hardly find language strong enough. He thinks the real blame for the failure of Napoleon's projected invasion lies wholly with the Emperor himself. It was only after the failure that Napoleon angrily shifted the blame to Villeneuve and established another Napoleonic legend which has lost little of its vitality to the present day.

Thomas Carlyle as a Critic of Literature. By Frederick William Roe. New York: The Columbia University Press.

This new volume of the Columbia Studies in English undertakes for Carlyle what some three years ago Miss Margaret Ball undertook in the same series for Scott: to define his critical ideals, to fix his place in the history of criticism, and to measure his achievement as a critic. Like his predecessor, Mr. Roe has been rather more successful in the expository than in the historical and critical parts of his task. Generally confining himself to the literary essays, he has collected, condensed, and set in order his author's somewhat difficult and mystical utterances on the nature of reality, on the nature and function of poets and poetry, and his distinctly less esoteric doctrine on the nature and function of critics and criticism. By way of illustration Mr. Roe has examined in some detail the articles on Goethe, Voltaire, Burns, Johnson, and Scott. Considered as analysis of theory and critical method, his work is patient, competent, and useful.

To point out Carlyle's position in his times it is necessary as it were to rise above and see all around him, looking before and after. Mr. Roe, it must be confessed, seems mainly to survey Carlyle's position through Carlyle's own eyes. He is frequently beguiled by Carlyle's contempt for all those to whom he was indebted—his assumption of complete independence of his English contemporaries and forerunners. Mr. Roe takes his author's word for it that the new critical movement—sympathetic, imaginative, historical, comparative—was founded upon the transcendental philosophy and came from Germany during the first quarter of the nineteenth century. He fails to bring out the important fact that the really durable elements in the new critical movement—the sympathetic insight, the study of a work of art in relation to the artist and his age, the cosmopolitan attitude toward literature—have absolutely no necessary connection with transcendentalism, and have, in fact, been chiefly carried forward by the anti-transcendental party. He observes, indeed, that there were signs of change in England before the German influence made itself felt; but his earliest reference is to Wordsworth's preface to the "Lyrical Ballads," 1800. And behind that date, he lets us infer, stretched the unbroken and arid desert of eighteenth-century neo-classicism represented by Johnson and Pope. This is, of course, to magnify the critical originality of Carlyle. But it is also to ignore without excuse the cloud of witnesses that cried out against the Augustan régime long before even Wordsworth declared himself a revolutionist. It is to ignore, for example, the powerful yeast of Young's "Conjectures on Original Composition," 1759, and the new and trenchant appraisal of Pope, the sympathetic insight, the insistence upon the historical and comparative method, displayed in the critical writings of Thomas and Joseph Warton, with whom Carlyle was perfectly familiar, but who are quite unmentioned in Mr. Roe's treatise save in one insignificant footnote. As a matter of fact, Carlyle's critical activity, beginning about 1827, did not precede but followed the romantic triumph, and the new critical standards which legitimatized the new poetry and fiction—despised, for the most part, by him—had been widely accepted before he commenced to write.

In estimating Carlyle's achievement as a critic of literature, it seems, furthermore, an evasion of responsibility to limit the inquiry to articles on men of letters. He did not care, as Mr. Roe points out, for the novel or the drama, and he regarded "the sonnet, elegy, song" as belonging to the "out-lying province of poetry." From the outset, in fact, he was preoccupied with ideas; in his "Cromwell" and his "French Revolution" he is exercising the same faculties—and with similar intention—that he exercised in his "Goethe" and his "Voltaire." To him, certainly, literature meant the complete record of life in all its departments. "The critic," Mr. Roe explains, "must have interests beyond the merely literary, he must be competent to understand and interpret influences, social and political, religious and philosophical." Precisely. For that reason it is as important to dwell upon the "Latter-Day Pamphlets" as upon the "Burns." Before we can properly value Carlyle's accomplishment we must take full account of the enormous discrepancy between his ideal of the critical function and his own performance. We must see him in the central forty years of the nineteenth century, imperv-

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ious to the light of noonday, obstinately blind to the revelations of science, insensitive to the irresistible force of the democratic movement, futilely opposing the master currents of his generation, and seeking up and down the history of the world only corroboration of his preconceptions.

A Documentary History of American Industrial Society. Edited by John R. Commons, Ulrich B. Phillips, Eugene A. Gilmore, Helen L. Sumner, and John B. Andrews. With preface by Richard T. Ely, and introduction by John B. Clark. Vols. I and II. Plantation and Frontier, 1649-1863; by Ulrich B. Phillips, Professor of History and Political Science, Tulane University. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.

As Professor Ely indicates in his preface, the American Bureau of Industrial Research was organized in March, 1904, "for the purpose of preparing a full and complete history of American industrial society." A search was begun to locate material that was deemed essential. There were eventually assembled a mass of early newspapers, and nearly 2,000 pamphlets originally issued in behalf of wage-earners in this country. Many of these were transcribed and classified. A collection was also made of labor conspiracy cases, and the entire body of documents was catalogued. From the material so organized, a selection has been made by the editors of this series. Professor Ely indulges in the somewhat roseate hope that these ten volumes of excerpted documents "will do for the social and industrial life of the American people what the publication of Colonial records, town, State, and Federal records, has done for the political, constitutional, and military life of the people" (i. 31).

While the first two volumes alone are specifically under review here, it may be said at the outset that the title of this series of ten volumes is quite misleading. The ten volumes do not contain "a documentary history of American industrial society." They contain an amount of illustrative material upon two or three important phases of American industrial history. This becomes more clearly evident when we note that the first two volumes are virtually upon plantation economics; that the second two volumes are devoted to labor conspiracy cases up to 1842; and the remaining six volumes to the labor movement between 1820 and 1880. The title of the series, therefore, preëmpts a territory indefinitely more extended than the series exploits. The volumes themselves, moreover, are inaccurately labelled, in that they do not contain a documentary history of even the partial phases of industrial history of which they treat. An accurate title would be: documentary excerpts illustrative of certain phases of American industrial history. While the entire series has not yet appeared, there is no indication that it will endeavor to cover, except by occasional implication, foreign commerce, transportation, colonial policy, manufactures, internal improvements, currency, banking, public lands, corporations, and other topics of cardinal importance. A modern philosopher has protested against the inveterate habit of his class of decorating, each his own peculiar philosophical fancy, with the flag entitled Real World. Historians bent on accuracy may well observe the obligations thereof in the names which their volumes are made to bear.

Professor Clark in the general introduction which he contributes remarks: "What is especially needed is a confirmation of principles of economics by a wide induction from the facts of history—such facts as the present work furnishes" (vol. i, p. 43). How far the essential process of verification of hypothesis can be obtained by historical induction it would be very difficult to say. It is well, however, to remember Keynes's warning that "all that is given to us in each case by direct evidence is a highly complex sequence of events, in which the true bonds of causal connection may be disguised in a thousand different ways, so that, far from being patent to every observer, they can be detected only by the trained student thoroughly equipped with scientific knowledge."

The gem of the first two volumes is Professor Phillips's introduction (vol. i, pp. 69-104). His justification of the title—Plantation and Frontier—on the ground that "the most perfect types both of plantation and frontier occurred in the Southern Colonies" (vol. i, p. 71), is dubious so far as the frontier is concerned. But his characterization of the plantation and its implicates in respect of labor organization; his differentiation of plantation types—the Virginian and Carolinian (or West Indian); his exposition of the constant transference of the plantation régime to the unexhausted lands of the South and Southwest, first to the Carolina and Georgia uplands, and thereafter to the Mississippi and Texas region; these are all remarkably well handled. The running competition between the plantation and the farm was characteristic of the economic history of the South. The seaboard plantation raising staples by means of bond labor forced the farmer to the early frontier. Soil exhaustion in Virginia and Maryland disrupted the plantation system on their seaboard, and the small farmer reclaimed the land. The fresh land of the uplands after the invention of the cotton gin gave the cotton plantation a new lease of life in a new habitat. The alluvial basins with their inexhaustible soil promised to give it permanent life in those sections. But the farm had a staying power which earth-butchery denied the plantation, and was free from dependence on slavery which proved the ruin of the old plantation system.

The documentary excerpts which Professor Phillips appends are well selected and classified, and hardly warrant his own semi-depreciatory comment that the "result is fragmentary at best" (vol. i, p. 98). His criteria in the selection of material *en appui* were "rareness, unconsciousness, and faithful illustration," and are well justified as a whole. He undertook, of course, a difficult task, in endeavoring to give in proper proportion the varied colors and tones of the plantation system and its envelope—slavery. What is perhaps most surprising is the infrequent reference to legislation. In *Monumenta* we expect to find the *Leges* conspicuous. But Professor Phillips is more inclined to take his excerpts from newspaper editorials, news items, and advertisements, or from letters, diaries, books of account, and travellers' records. The topical rather than the chronological arrangement is abundantly justified by the fact that the plantation régime flourished in different regions at different times. But under each particular heading, Staples, for instance, it is rather strange that the chronological order is not adhered to more closely. Why should Sugar Methods in Jamaica in 1815 (vol. i, p. 281) precede Benedict Leonard Calvert's letter of October 26, 1729 (vol. i, p. 282), illustrative of the uncertainty of returns in tobacco? Some of the documents cited to display plantation routine are a bit wearisome and not over instructive. The space devoted to the "poor whites" is confessedly disproportionate to their relative importance in the economy of the South. Occasionally, the annotation is parsimonious. Thus Washington's account of his weaving establishment (vol. ii, pp. 324, 325), deserves some editorial analysis and comment. The light and shade of plantation life are well conveyed by the happy selection of extracts typical of the conscientious slave-owner, the barbarous slave-driver, runaways, epidemics, slave insurrections, the cruel situation of the free person of color "possessing neither the rights of citizens nor the protection of slaves" (vol. ii, p. 158). The section devoted to Migrations of Slave-owners gives also a vivid picture of a process of which all too little has been known hitherto, while the temper and philosophy of the Southern frontier is excellently illustrated by the citations printed. The two volumes are indispensable to the student of the industrial life of the South before the war.

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Madame Royale, the Last Dauphine: Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte de France, Duchesse d'Angoulême. By Joseph Turquan, author of "The Sisters of Napoleon." Edited and translated by The Lady Theodora Davidson. New York: Brentano's. $3.75 net.

Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte, Madame Royale of the old régime, and Duchesse d'Angoulême, also Dauphine, of the *émigration* and Restoration, lives in history under a dual visage. For the royalists, this daughter of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, who shared the captivity of her parents in the Temple, was an object of almost idolatrous adoration. Even the transformation of the timid and shrinking girl of eighteen, who issued from her prison on the 27th Frimaire, the year iv, under the Directory, into the cold, hard-featured woman of thirty-eight who returned to France with the royal family under the protection of the Allies, could not affect or diminish this cult, which remained constant to the day of her death in 1851. On the other hand, for those who approached her in the hard light of day and without any such veil of sentiment to obscure their sight, she was merely a rude and disagreeable woman of narrow intelligence, if considerable force of character, who had her full share of the proverbial ingratitude of her race, and who requited her most faithful adherents with harsh words and contempt.

Joseph Turquan, thoroughly sifting, in his usual manner, all the memoirs and other personal material of the period, presents the reader with plenty of evidence as to the real character of the princess, and as to the opposite ways in which she was regarded by friend and foe. He also seeks to discover the cause of the changes that took place in her. For, in spite of the fact that she displayed radical and dangerous defects even as a child, causing her mother some concern by her arrogance and obstinacy, he credits Madame with a natural warmth and generosity that she was far from exhibiting in later years. Accordingly, he sees the first cause for the deterioration in the influence of the Austrian court, where she found a refuge after her release, and where she was destined by the Emperor for marriage with an archduke. She resolutely declined this alliance, however, and finally married the Duc d'Angoulême, whom her parents had designated as her future husband, and whom, for political reasons, her uncle, Louis XVIII, was anxious to have her wed. It is, above all, to this loveless and disappointing marriage that M. Turquan attributes the blighting of the princess's heart. It may well have been so. Her letters indicate that she surrounded the suitor whom she had never seen with an atmosphere of romance. The disillusion was prompt and complete. Her biographer draws the picture of the meeting at Mitau:

> When the carriages halted opposite each other the King descended from his. This was not only a great condescension on his part, but a work of time, for he was very corpulent. Madame, light as a bird, in spite of a month spent in her carriage, jumped down, ran across to the King, and knelt at his feet to receive his blessing. There was a pretty scene, and a few happy tears were shed, after which Louis XVIII drew from behind his sheltering rotundity a frail creature of monkey-like appearance. "Your betrothed, the Duc d'Angoulême," he announced, placing a large fat hand on the puny shoulders of the Prince and propelling him towards his niece.

His appearance, however, was not the worst thing about the man whom pride and a sense of duty still forced the princess to accept as her husband. Physically, mentally, and morally a weakling, and at times, apparently, almost a drivelling idiot, with gross manners, unpleasant personal habits, silly vanity, and a bad temper, this hero of Bouvard and Pécuchet was no match for the fine and vigorous woman who, whatever her defects, certainly would have made a good wife and mother. The union was an unfruitful one, and the thwarted affections of the princess withered and turned sour. At least such is the author's hypothesis, and it seems plausible. What, however, is perhaps the most interesting trait of her character is the loyalty which she maintained toward her husband, and which made her endeavor always to place him in positions where he would appear to the best advantage. It should seem almost as if she tried to deceive herself concerning him. In her last exile, when Chateaubriand called upon her as an ambassador from the Duchesse de Berri, she asked suddenly: "What do they think of Monsieur le Dauphin in the army? He is immensely respected, is he not? He is remembered?" There may have been merely pride in this attitude, another manifestation of that obstinacy which made her follow without faltering any line she had once adopted, but the fact should be counted in her favor, as should also her affectionate devotion both to her uncle and to her father-in-law, Charles X.

But while Marie-Thérèse seemed content to shine in the reflected glory of the duke whose laurels she so assiduously gilded, it was really from her that d'Angoulême gained any political importance and popularity he enjoyed, if we except that which came to him from his happy entry into Bordeaux with the armies of Soult and Wellington on the eve of the Restoration. Indeed, Madame, until her unlucky visit to Vichy, of which Charles X took advantage to break his pledge and publish the *Ordonances* that led to his downfall, was the ruling spirit of two reigns, and more than any one else managed to maintain the equilibrium of the monarchy. She was narrow, and lacking in tact, but she had a measure of political instinct and independence of judgment that was wanting in the others. She was also brave and resolute, and showed marked administrative capacity, as in her conduct of affairs in the Southwest at the beginning of the Hundred Days. Napoleon himself said of her that she was the only man of her family, and he seems to have been right. It is hard to waken much interest in the affairs of a family so lacking in dignity and a sense of their situation. Nor, in spite of certain bold traits, is the Duchesse d'Angoulême a sufficiently distinguished figure to detach herself completely from her sordid background and to dominate it. She only occasionally emerges and gives a gleam of the faded glory of her ancestors to the throne she occupied for an instant between two abdications, that of her father-in-law and that of her husband, which were accomplished in a single séance. And even this glory was largely of a sentimental order, the result rather of a devotion on the part of those who were determined to see in the Princess of the Temple an embodiment of the past than of any heroic gesture of her own.

Notes.

Harpers have added another volume, "Desperate Remedies," to their thin-paper edition of Thomas Hardy's novels.

Prof. J. W. Mackail's "Lectures on the Greek Poets," which will be published by Longman this month, include three essays on Homer; two on the lyric poets, with special reference to Sappho and Simonides; one on Sophocles, and a cursory treatment of the Alexandrians, Theocritus and the Idyl, and Apollonius of Rhodes and the Romantic Epic.

The same house has in the press "Educational Aims and Efforts, 1880-1910," by Sir Philip Magnus, and "Philosophical Essays," by Bertrand Russell.

H. Thiselton Mark, lecturer on education at the University of Manchester, is publishing with Fisher Unwin "The Unfolding of Personality as the Chief Aim of Education."

The autumn books of Herbert E. Daniel include "Talleyrand the Man," translated from the French of Bernard de Lacombe, with two portraits.

"The Progress of Revelation," by Canon G. A. Cooke; "Early Ideals of Righteousness (Hebrew, Greek, and Roman)," by Prof. R. H. Kennett, Mrs. A. M. Adam, and Professor Gwatkin, and "An Introduction to the Literature of the New Testament," by Dr. James Moffatt, will be brought out by T. & T. Clark.

Lee Warner promises shortly: "The Letters of Alesandra Macinghi degli Strozzi, 1447-70," now first translated from the Italian by Robert Cust, and "A Flower Anthology," a selection by Alfred Rawlings of English flower poems.

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An outline of philosophy in England from Bacon to the present day will be published by A. & C. Black, with the title, "English Philosophy: a Study of Its Method and General Development." The author is Dr. Thomas M. Forsyth.

"The Two Religions of Ancient Israel: with a Re-Examination of the Prophetic Narratives and Utterances," by Prof. T. K. Cheyne, and Joseph McCabe's "The Evolution of Mind," will be issued by the same house.

"The Reminiscences of Goldwin Smith," edited by Arnold Haultain, which is in the hands of Macmillan, will be ready November 23.

Books which will appear in November from the press of Frederick A. Stokes Company include: "Historical Vignettes," by Bernard Capes; "Old Kensington Palace," by Austin Dobson; "Unfrequented France," by Betham Edwards; "Springs, Streams, and Spas of London," by Alfred Stanley Foord; "Highways of Japan," by Lady Lawson; in Masterpieces in Color series: "Watts" and "Ingres"; in the Painters' series, "Metsu" and "Vermeer"; "The Argentine Republic," by A. Stewart Pennington, and "Spain from Within," by Rafael Shaw.

With the intention of presenting to the public the whole love story of the Brownings, Paul Elder & Company are bringing out a new edition of "Sonnets from the Portuguese," which will also contain lyric interludes by Mrs. Browning and Robert Browning's poems to his wife. Arthur Guiterman is the editor.

A new novel of Southern life, entitled "Out of Drowning Valley," by S. Carleton Jones, is announced by Henry Holt & Company.

The same house will soon have ready Storm's romance of German student life, "Auf der Universität," edited, with a vocabulary, by Robert N. Corwin of Yale. Somewhat later this house will publish an enlargement of Pancoast's "Introduction to English Literature," which is undertaken by Pancoast and Schelling, the latter of the University of Pennsylvania.

The following books are in preparation by Longmans, Green, & Company: "A Soldier's Recollections: Leaves from the Diary of a Young Confederate, with an Oration on the Motives and Aims of the Soldiers of the South," by Randolph H. McKim, and "Back to Holy Church: Experiences and Knowledge Acquired by a Convert," by Dr. Albert von Ruville, professor of modern history at the University of Halle.

The British Museum manuscript of Traherne's poems, which the Oxford University Press is about to issue, has the following title page: "Poems|of|Felicity.|Vol. I.|Containing|Divine Reflections|On the|Native Objects|Of|An|Infant-Ey.|By|Tho: Traherne, B.D|Author of the Roman Forgeries,|& Christian Ethiks.|Printed for Ph. Traheron, B.D. | And are to be sold by," etc. The manuscript is Burney 392.

If the number of books published on a subject is any indication of its popularity, Nietzsche's philosophy must be making rapid conquests in this country and England. Besides the steadily increasing volumes of the translation edited by Dr. Levy, we have every few months a volume of biography or exposition or extracts. The latest of these are "The Quintessence of Nietzsche" (Duffield), by J. M. Kennedy, and "The Gist of Nietzsche" (Luce & Co.), by Henry L. Mencken. Mr. Kennedy is one of Dr. Levy's corps of translators and knows his subject well. He brings out clearly the three main points of Nietzsche's doctrine, viz., the distinction between master and slave morality, the superman, and the everlasting recurrence; but, being himself a full-blooded Nietzschean, he naturally does not go below the surface and drag into light the underlying inconsistency and morbidness of the philosophy. Mr. Mencken's little book gives a series of quotations from Nietzsche under proper heads.

"Mr. Dooley Says" (Harpers) offers the familiar and always palatable ragout of shrewd sense and broad burlesque. Divorce, vacations, books, religion, the Japanese scare, doctors, expert testimony, panics, the tariff are among the chief topics that occupy the sage of Archey Road. Concerning religious faith, Mr. Dooley says, quite in pragmatic vein, "Anny kind iv a fact is proof iv a belief. A firm belief atthracts facts. They come out iv holes in th' ground an' cracks in th' wall to support belief, but they run away fr'm doubt." Of timely weight are Mr. Dooley's views on the Supreme Court: "I have a gr-reat respect f'r th' Joodicyary, as fine a lot iv cross an' indignant men as ye'll find annywhere. I have th' same respect f'r thim as they have f'r each other. But I niver bow to a decision iv a judge onless, first, it's pleasant to me, an', second, other judges bow to it. Ye can't be too careful about what decisions ye bow to." Mr. Dooley, like other institutions, is not always on his high level, but his geniality compels hearing and disables criticism.

The New Library Edition of Pater's Works (Macmillan) now adds three volumes, including "Appreciations," "Plato and Platonism," and the unfinished novel of "Gaston de Latour." We have been stimulated by the pleasant margins and clear type of this new edition to read again the exquisite, languid novel that introduces us to the hesitant contemporary of Ronsard and Montaigne and Giordano Bruno and Charles IX—introduces us only, for the story breaks off just when the influence of Ronsard's modernism and Montaigne's skepticism and Bruno's pantheism are leading the young man away from the traditional religious views with which he started in life. It is rash to venture a guess as to how Pater meant in the end to reconcile these conflicting views of life, but there are hints here and there which lead one to suspect that Gaston—like his creator, for that matter—was to find a compromise between religion and the world in the æsthetic worship of the moment. If this is so, the novel would have been, so to speak, a sequel and conclusion to "Marius the Epicurean." As the fragment stands—evidently in need of revision and expansion—it falls too much into talking *de umbris idearum*, and wavers too much in the twilight of emotion, to be as effective as "Marius," but it has a fascinating charm of its own, and the chapter on Montaigne is a complete and notable study.

"H. J. Mozans, A.M., Ph.D.," manifestly a pseudonym—the author of "Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena" (Appleton), opens his book with the statement that it contains the "record of a journey," but he gets nearer to the truth of the matter on page 17, when, after a long digression on the Florida Fountain of Youth (!), he admits that his purpose is "not so much to give descriptions of the countries through which we shall pass—something which has in most instances been done before—as to give the impressions of their earliest explorers, and to dwell, as briefly as may be, on topics relating to the various regions visited." In other words, this is really a sentimental journey, quite a unique performance in these days, at least so far as South America is concerned. As such it is extremely well done, and will give abundant pleasure to that anomalous individual known sometimes as "the curious reader" who delights in being continually interrupted by classical allusions, bits of poetry, more or less appropriate selections from Greek, Latin, French, and Spanish authors, and countless other evidences of an omnivorous erudition. Here are all his old friends: Pliny and Bret Harte, Macaulay and John Fiske, Dante and Mark Twain; there is not one missing. Casual references to megatheriums, mylodons, and megalonyx, the paintings of Raphael, Claude Lorrain, and Ruysdael, the climate of the Hawaiian Islands and the view from Mount Parnassus, all, all are here. Furthermore, by elaborate and painstaking research, "Dr. Mozans" has referred, either in text, foot-notes, or bibliography, to nearly all the ancient and modern writers who have had a word to say about the Orinoco or the Magdalena. As a compilation of extracts from Spanish chroniclers, German savants, and English historians, it is truly remarkable. It is the kind of laborious erudition that would have delighted our grandfathers. But he who comes to this book looking for a single new fact will be grievously disappointed. Altogether, "Dr. Mozans's" work only furnishes another example of the truth that one can know and write a great deal about a country without leaving the vicinity of a good library.

It is not easy to estimate the value of "An Eighteenth-Century Correspondence" (Duffield), edited by Lilian Dickins and Mary Stanton. In substance the book is a collection of letters written to Sanderson Miller of Radway Grange, Warwickshire, by such well-known men as Deane Swift, Pitt, the Lyttletons and the Grenvilles, the Earl of Guilford (father of the famous Lord North), Charles Jenkinson (Earl of Liverpool), etc. Miller's replies have not been preserved, and we thus get a curiously reflected portrait of the man as he appears in the minds of his friends. He was, as the names of his correspondents testify, a pretty well known man in the friendly days of George II. although, curiously enough, he is omitted from the Dictionary of National Biography and all other reference books. Apart from his gift of friendship, he was notable as one of the early workers in the Gothic revival (earning thereby the jealous ill will of Horace Walpole), and a large number of these letters deal with various projects of restoration and building in which his advice was sought. The word restoration calls to mind the many acts of vandalism for which the new enthusiasm

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was responsible, and it cannot be denied that Miller was as guilty here as another. His building, too, quite often took the form of setting up sham ruins and useless towers; but on this side he has at least to his credit the Warwick County Hall, which, however, is Palladian in style, and not Gothic at all. One is glad to add this amiable and talented gentleman to one's list of eighteenth-century friends. As for the letters themselves, they were excellent in their day and private capacity, but their literary charm, with the exception perhaps of Sir Edward Turner's bouncing epistles, is generally to seek. We fear that only the confirmed lover of that age and society will get very far in them. Yet their very average quality does in a way produce an unusual impression. It would not be easy to say where one should find a fairer picture of the cultivated squires and country gentlemen of the age. There is no touch of genius in the correspondence, neither is there vulgarity or malignity or affectation. One thinks inevitably: These are men I should like to live with. Some value the letters possess also as adding a little to our knowledge of such men as Lord Lyttelton and William Pitt, and especially in the latter case we see a man, commonly portrayed as austere and unfriendly, here displaying unexpected geniality. It is a large tribute to Miller that Chatham could be easy with him. But the value of the correspondence in this direction cannot honestly be placed very high. The editing is for the most part excellent, and one even wishes that the editors had been more generous with their comments and explanations. In one or two places their Latin is strangely at fault.

In "Dead Letters" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) Maurice Baring has made Claudius and Messalina, Catullus, Mæcenas, Marcus Aurelius, Nero, Guinevere, Lady Macbeth, Hamlet, and others, interesting by the rather obvious device of making them quite modern and very English. We have as well French impressions of a Shakesperean performance at the Globe Theatre, and Lord Bacon's correspondence with a literary agent regarding the overhauling of certain dramas by a practical collaborator, William Shakespeare. The book contains in the Roman portions one or two flashes of characterization that make one wish that the letters had been carried beyond the point of sprightly journalism.

The massacre of Fort Kearney ranks next to that of Custer and his troops in the annals of American army tragedies. On December 21, 1866, eighty-one officers and men of the Eighteenth Infantry perished in combat with three thousand Indians, near Fort Kearney, a fort which for months was besieged by hostiles. Frances C. Carrington, the author of "Army Life on the Plains" (Lippincott), was then the wife of one of the officers killed in the massacre and subsequently married the colonel of the regiment, now Brig.-Gen. Henry B. Carrington, retired. Mrs. Carrington has set forth in this volume the record of her brief and tragic frontier experience, and to it is added an account of a trip taken to Wyoming in 1908 with Gen. Carrington to unveil a monument to the massacred of 1866. Gen. Carrington was entitled to state his side of the massacre (a speech of his reviewing it is given at length), and of the conditions at Fort Kearney precedent thereto, for which he was by some unjustly censured. Mrs. Carrington's story of what it meant to be an officer's wife in Indian fighting days adds another to the growing number of such records, of which Mrs. Custer's heads the list. Each one contributes matter of value to the historian who will some day write a history of the army's part in the winning of the West, and make of it an amazingly interesting and touching narrative.

Mrs. Augusta Cooper Bristol, poet, author, and lecturer, who nominated Gen. Benjamin F. Butler for President of the United States on the Greenback ticket, and delivered the principal address at the World's Fair at Chicago before the Women's Conference, died last week at Vineland, N. J. She wrote: "Poems," "The Relation of the Maternal Function to the Woman Intellect," "The Philosophy of Art," "The Present Phase of Woman's Advancement," "Science as the Basis of Morality," "The Web of Life" (poems), and "A Spray of Cosmos."

Science.

The Mammals of Colorado. An account of the several species found within the boundaries of the State, together with a record of their habits and of their distribution. By Edward Royal Warren, S.B., Director of the Museum of Colorado College. With three maps and a full series of illustrations, reproduced from photographs taken from nature. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The scope of this handsome volume is indicated by the title and subtitle. In compact and well-ordered form it supplies a large amount of information, both interesting and useful, both popular and technical, and its publication should encourage the production of similar works for other States and localities. With few exceptions, the eighty-one illustrations are based upon excellent photographs; the coyote taken in a trap (figure 78), has an appropriately despondent expression; the frontispiece might well have represented a more impressive form with a less formidable Latin name. Of the statements as to habits, many are credited to other observers, but the author's contributions are among the most important and readable; for example the account on p. 230 of the persistent efforts of a she-bear to provide sleeping accommodations for herself and her cubs at the expense of some travellers. Other noteworthy passages refer to the habits of the prairie dog and the badger. The slaughter of the latter the author deprecates, but, on the other hand, he condemns without qualification the coyote, and states that in Kansas, during the year 1903-4, bounties were paid upon 19,514 of these animals. The Rocky Mountain sheep is commonly believed to fall upon its enormous horns, when leaping from a height, but one was seen to leap from a cliff at least twenty feet high and to alight upon its feet. Although usually direct and graphic, the author's style is sometimes crude, as exemplified particularly in the second paragraph of the introduction. The brief business epistle of John Jacob Astor, dated June 25, 1834, was well worth quoting (p. 8), but its defects of scholarship should not be criticised too severely by an author who shows in his text such solecisms as "ventriloqual" (p. 248); "Spazzani" for Spallanzani (p. 270), "a pair of scissors are" (p. xix), and "data is" (p. xxxiii). The bibliography and glossary are useful features, and the index is fairly complete, but disfigured by the needless repetition of headings.

The growth of manual training in high schools calls for such text-books as "Shop Problems in Mathematics" (Ginn), by Breckenridge, Mersereau, and Moore of the Stuyvesant High School of New York city. This is an excellent little book—clear, concise, and interesting. If studied in connection with the practical work in the shop, something more should be attained than the ability to make trifling articles. The second part of the book contains a review of such mathematical problems as arise in shop work. The chapters on fractions, ratio and proportion, and mensuration might be condensed to a mere set of tables and formulæ, but the chapter on the use of the slide rule is very opportune.

"Field Zoölogy: Insects and Their Near Relatives and Birds," by Lottie E. Crary, has been published by P. Blakiston's Son & Co. The work is divided into two portions, 248 pages being devoted to insects and their allies, and the remaining 107 to birds. The first section of the work is praiseworthy; each important order has a chapter on practical field work, followed by another of more detailed comment. To the smaller groups are allowed a few pages of facts only, and the whole is preceded by six chapters of general discussion. The illustrations in this part are mostly good reproductions of those used by previous authors. The section on birds, however, is below the high standard set by the preceding work. Three pages only are given to field work; these are followed by general comment on migration, nesting habits, etc., and the section ends with a jumble of statements, divided among the various groups. Numerous errors have crept in; the passenger pigeon is scarcely "known in most countries"; and surely "domestic chickens and geese and turkeys" all cannot be included in Lamellirostres, even under the somewhat erratic American system. The few illustrations of birds are crude pen sketches and photographs of indifferently mounted specimens. A very complete index concludes the volume.

Announcement is made of the death of Dr. Theobald Fischer at the age of sixty-four. He was professor of geography at Marburg and had written on his subject, especially on Morocco, extensively.

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Music and Drama.

Standard History of Music. By James Francis Cooke. Philadelphia: Theodore Presser Co. $1.25.

Natural Laws in Piano Technic. By Mary Wood Chase. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.25.

Musical history is now taught by specialists in many of the American conservatories, but great as is the number of these institutions, and of their pupils, the majority of the students are still under private teachers. The happy thought has occurred to James Francis Cooke of providing these teachers with a concise and lucid text-book which shall enable them, though they have made no special study of the subject themselves, to give their classes the training in this important branch of the art which heretofore has been imparted only in the larger schools. There are plenty of the more bulky volumes on this subject, but for the purpose indicated there was need of just such a volume of some 260 pages as Mr. Cooke's. There is a picture or portrait for nearly every page, and the text also strives constantly to bring out picturesque and personal aspects that help to interest the youthful mind.

The early chapters in the history of music are, owing to our incomplete knowledge, extremely difficult to write in a clear and convincing way, but by confining himself to essentials Mr. Cooke has solved this problem. Throughout the volume he has shown excellent judgment in selecting from the bewildering multitude of names and facts those which are of most importance. The critical estimates are remarkably sound as well as free from bias. American composers, performers, and teachers are not ignored. The book is divided into forty lessons, each of which is followed by ten questions. A table covering three pages illustrates the growth of modern music, and a novel feature is a map of Europe, with an index of names which enables one to locate the birthplace of great musicians in a moment. The author, one is glad to see, condemns the ridiculous English nomenclature which includes such a monstrosity as "demi-semi-quaver" for the much more sensible "thirty-second note." On the other hand, he sensibly sides with the English in spelling the name of Russia's greatest composer, Tchaikovsky. An appendix gives useful advice concerning the organizing of young folks' musical clubs. One difficulty, it seems, is that in some localities a club is almost impossible because "people of a priggish or snobbish nature resent having their children associate with any one but those whom they personally select." This attitude, the author advises, should be "soundly ridiculed" by the teacher. He has had much experience with musical clubs and has come to the conclusion that an important element of success is to bear in mind that the member who has an office takes a more active part in behalf of the club, wherefore it is wise to create plenty of offices, "as was done in the old Polish nobility, when it was said that every man in seven had been created a nobleman."

Mary Wood Chase's "Natural Laws in Piano Technic" is also a book for both teacher and pupil. She informs the reader that she is a pupil of the late Oscar Raif, who had a way of proving his theories by demonstrations. One of these was to give a certain difficult passage to a number of his pupils. The right hand was trained to play this by the methods usually taught, while the more awkward left hand followed his theories; the result being that at the end of the prescribed time, without exception, the left hand had gained over the right in surety, velocity, and endurance, and continued to gain over the other week by week. Raif's directions are given in the book, as well as the author's own views. Notwithstanding the amount of space given to anatomical illustrations in the piano "methods," she holds that "muscular study has not been thoroughly treated." She therefore discourses about "weeping sinews," which cause badly-trained players so much annoyance, and about many other aspects of execution. The various kinds of touch are analyzed, and there are useful hints regarding the most effective use of the several pedals. Attention is called to the fact that deep breathing is as helpful to a pianist as to a singer, especially in the execution of difficult passages and as an aid in overcoming nervousness. Playing in public, interpretation, memorizing, are other topics discussed. It is to be regretted that the author perpetuates the absurd use of the word portamento as usually applied to a detail of piano playing. The expression "demi-marcato," which Louis C. Elson suggests in its place in his "Music Dictionary," is preferable for this mode of execution. A real vocal portamento, or gliding from one tone to another, as the wind rises and falls, is, of course, impossible on the piano.

Henry Holt & Co. will soon have ready for class reading two German plays: Gutzkow's "Uriel Acosta," edited by S. F. Cutting and A. C. von Noe of the University of Chicago, and Fulda's "Der Dummkopf," edited by W. K. Stewart of Dartmouth.

An attractive little volume (the Marion Press, Jamaica, N. Y.) has been prepared by Joseph I. C. Clarke and Harry P. Mawson, a committee of the American Dramatists' Club, as a memorial of Bronson Howard, the distinguished dramatist and founder of the club. It contains the addresses delivered at the memorial meeting held in the Lyceum Theatre, in October, 1908, a reprinted appreciation by Brander Matthews, a biography, two addresses by Mr. Howard, and a list of his plays with their original casts. The whole constitutes a fitting tribute to an earnest, able, high-minded and genial gentleman, who did much excellent work as a pioneer in the American drama. Long after his plays have fallen into oblivion he will be remembered for the gallant and successful battle which he fought in the interests of theatrical copyright, and as the organizer of the club, over which he presided until his death. His position as a dramatist he perhaps owed quite as much to the conditions of his time as to any transcendent ability of his own, but there is much solid merit in his "Aristocracy," "The Banker's Daughter," and "Young Mrs. Winthrop," the three comedies upon which his reputation rests most securely.

Charles Frohman has decided to postpone his production of "Chantecler," with Maude Adams, in the Empire Theatre, until the middle of January. The time thus secured will be occupied by Fred Terry and Julia Neilson in "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

During his New York engagement in November, William Faversham will make two new productions, one "The Faun," by Edward Knoblauch, the author of "The Shulamite," and the other a Shakespearean play.

Mrs. Fiske will soon produce a new play, by Harry James Smith, entitled "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh." This is the author's first attempt at drama, and is said to be on new lines, with an amusing part for the star. With it will be played one of J. M. Synge's Irish plays, "The Shadow of the Glen." Mrs. Fiske also has a new comedy by Langdon Mitchell, called "The New Marriage," and a piece by Gertrude Atherton, called "Julia France," which seems to include a vision of the woman of the future.

"The Fire Screen" is the name of a new play by Alfred Sutro, of which the American rights are owned by Charles Frohman. It is reported to be a work of considerable power.

The new comedy upon which Sir Arthur Pinero has been engaged for a long time will be produced in London on the 6th of January.

"As You Like It" is to be acted from October 17 to 22 at the Court Theatre, London, by the British Empire Shakespeare Society, with Elizabethan or traditional music performed by the Arion String Quartet; the morris dances in the "Masque of Hymen" will also be given.

There is another tempest raging about the ears of Mr. Redford, the English examiner of plays, who must be getting pretty well used by this time to public denunciation. Now he has refused a license to a play by Laurence Housman, in which, it is said, some sort of violence has been done to the sacred memory of King George IV. He fortifies himself, on this occasion, by declaring that he has acted under the express direction of the lord chamberlain. Official anxiety at this late date about the reputation of Florizel seems a trifle superfluous.

The late Josef Kainz, who in many respects surpassed all other German actors, succeeded in overcoming certain natural disadvantages, especially his slightness of stature. Such was his art and such the

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supreme control of his voice that he was able to impersonate characters of even heroic proportions. His versatility is seen from the great range of parts which he attempted; they include tragedy, comedy, and vaudeville.

Art.

The Monuments of Christian Rome from Constantine to the Renaissance. By Arthur L. Frothingham. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

Roman Cities in Italy and Dalmatia. By Arthur L. Frothingham. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. 1910. $1.75 net.

The subject of Rome and Italy has proved popular with many writers, and every year the number of books—both popular and scientific—dealing with their various aspects, is considerably increased. A new volume, therefore, on this familiar theme must have either of two excuses: it must supply us with fresh discoveries, and thus add to our stock of definite knowledge; or it must present for the first time in a more popular form the scientific discoveries already made, and thereby render them accessible to the layman. Of Professor Frothingham's two new books, the first is justified on both these grounds; the second on the latter.

In "The Monuments of Christian Rome" the author traces the development of Christian art through the several centuries during which it flourished. The volume differs in two points from the numerous German and Italian handbooks which deal with early Christian and mediæval art: it confines itself to the discussion of Christian monuments of the city and province of Rome; and it is not a mere résumé of the investigations and opinions of other authorities, but sets forth the author's own researches regarding certain monuments. Indeed, the book is of greater scientific importance than its character of manual would lead one to expect, since the theories put forth are often quite original and raise new problems which cannot be ignored by other investigators. But in choosing to put forth new theories in a handbook the author appears to have fallen between two stools. The very originality of these theories detracts from the value of the book as a manual, especially as the reader is often left in the dark as to when the author is advancing his personal opinions and when he is adhering to the results arrived at by other scientists. On the other hand, the scientific value of Professor Frothingham's new ideas is minimized by the absence of a full exposition of the arguments supporting his hypotheses. In their present form as *ballons d'essai* they are merely provisional, and as such can hardly be either attacked or endorsed. Thus the great importance he claims for the late classical and mediæval monuments of Rome for Christian art history (pp. 7 and 8) is more than is usually allowed them. The statement that "the new art of Constantine bloomed with undoubted and sudden originality in the field of architecture and mosaic painting" will find many contestants. The theories concerning the relation of the mosaics in Ravenna to those in Rome are ingenious. In the same simple way in which new theories are advanced without adequate proofs, the results of other investigators are rejected without reasons given. The author denies, for instance, that the mosaics of S. Maria Maggiore in Rome belong to pre-Constantine art, and not to the fifth century. In view of the elaborate arguments advanced by J. P. Richter in favor of the earlier dating one might expect more than a mere statement of denial.

A series of good illustrations, well chosen, accompanies the text.

In "Roman Cities in Italy and Dalmatia," Professor Frothingham gives us an account of ancient Italy as we learn it, not only from Rome itself, but from her early rivals and off-shoots—a subject, which, though it has received its due of attention from the expert, has been practically outside the grasp of the average traveller for lack of appropriate treatment. As the author aptly says, "To know Rome well, you must go elsewhere." Rome passed through so many vicissitudes that many traces of earlier periods were obliterated, which are still clearly seen in cities whose later history was less eventful. In this early time, the history and monuments of the cities are closely connected. The author, therefore first gives the history of the period he is describing, and then gives an account of the ruins and finds of typical cities during that period—such as Norba, Ferentino, and Alatri, for the prehistoric age; Perugia, Volterra, Falerii, Tarquinii, and Assisi for Etruscan, and Umbrian dominion: Spoleto, New Falerii, and Cosa for the subsequent period; for the age of Cæsar and Augustus—Spello, Aquino, Verona, Turin, Salona, and so on.

What we miss most in the book is scholarship. The chief points of historical and archæological interest in each city are, indeed, noted, but without that thoroughness, which even a popular hand-book on such a subject requires. The absence of a bibliography and of references to other works, takes away from its value for the beginner, who might have used this manual as a primer to lead him on to more serious studies. The book seems to have been written more in the form of a diary of impressions of an intelligent and observant traveller, than with a view to providing a standard volume on the subject in hand.

"Modern Scottish Painters," with an introduction by Percy Bate, and sixty-one plates, is promised this autumn by Otto Schulze of Edinburgh.

The Earl of Carlisle is publishing with Smith & Elder fifty illustrations in color of old English ballads and songs. The work is called the "Picture Songbook."

A new volume of the Artistic Crafts Series, "Hand-Loom Weaving, Plain and Ornamental," by Luther Hooper, has just appeared from the press of John Hogg.

Five years ago the late Russell Sturgis embodied the results of a life's curiosity in the handsome two-volume work, "The Artist's Way of Working in the Various Handicrafts and Arts of Design." The book, with its many illustrations, is the best comprehensive manual of the arts from the point of view of their production, and was fully reviewed in the *Nation* (February 8, 1906). We have now only to note its reissue by Dodd, Mead & Co., in a more convenient form, at the reduced price of $5 for the two volumes.

Prof. William H. Goodyear, in the *American Architect* for September 28, analyzes the recent government report on the Leaning Tower of Pisa (See the *Nation*, September 22), and concludes that there is no immediate danger. The government commission, which last July reported alarming increase in inclination since 1829, professed to base its calculation on the plates and measurements in Cresy and Taylor's "Architecture of the Middle Ages in Italy." According to Mr. Goodyear the commission did not use this English authority, but the plates and figures of Ranieri Grassi who, largely on the basis of Cresy and Taylor, published "Fabbriche Principali di Pisa" in 1831. Grassi's figures are inaccurate, and all inferences drawn therefrom naturally worthless. Professor Goodyear sensibly protests against statements of average inclinations. A building, the walls of which diminish in thickness and the lean of which varies at different parts, is a refractory object to measure. Comparisons of inclination are valueless unless we know just how and at what point the inclination was tested. In conclusion, a simple method of ascertaining any settling that has taken place since 1829 is suggested. In the light of this criticism the commission report looks very like a mare's nest.

The landscape and figure artist and former manager of the Brooklyn Art School, William H. Snyder, died last week at the age of eighty.

Finance.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Much that is highly perplexing continues to be presented in the financial situation. This week two important statements were given out, bearing on current trade and industry, and they pointed on their face in distinctly opposite directions. The report on the season's crops by the Department of Agriculture indicates that the country's yield of corn and oats will break all records in the nation's history, while the

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estimated yield of wheat, though considerably less than in 1909 or 1906, exceeds that of the two intervening years, and is larger by ten or twelve million bushels than the lately prevalent ideas of the trade itself.

As against this indication of better industrial conditions, the United States Steel Corporation, in its statement of unfilled orders on its books at the close of September, showed this week a decrease for that month of 379,000 tons, or 11 per cent., and a decrease from last year of 1,639,000 tons, or 33 per cent. The total value of the remaining orders is, in fact, the smallest ever reported by the company since the steel trade reaction of 1903 and 1904, when the corporation's capacity of output was less than 70 per cent. of what it is to-day.

Similarly conflicting evidence is presented in the money market. That a general movement to cut down overexpanded credits was initiated in this country during the early months of 1910, every one is aware. At New York it took the form of prolonged and compulsory liquidation on the Stock Exchange. In the West it directed itself to reducing outstanding loans of a more or less speculative character, based upon land and produce. That this revision of credits had substantially improved the position of affairs, was admitted on all hands at the opening of autumn, and, in fact, the ease in New York's money market up to the present time, as against the numerous predictions of great stringency, has itself been witness to the fact.

The more recent turn of events in the New York bank situation was explained in this column a week ago; it took the form of a reappearance of that excess of loans over deposits which has invariably, in the history of the decade past, reflected a local strain on capital. The weekly bank statement of Saturday, October 1, showed a loan excess of $14,000,000. On October 8, last Saturday, although the surplus reserve was increased by "shifting" of loans to other institutions, the loan account stood nearly $25,000,000 above deposits. This is virtually as great a disparity as was presented at any time last winter, when the bank position was admittedly unfavorable.

Perhaps even more attention has been attracted by the government's report, last Saturday, on the condition of national banks, in various sections of the country. It showed that, notwithstanding the effort to curtail credit in the interior money markets, the Middle West, including communities of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, has in the aggregate not reduced loans at all since its June reports, and it now has outstanding $111,000,000 more loans than a year ago. The Western communities between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains have done better; they have reduced their loan account $10,500,000 since last June. But it remains $27,000,000 higher than last year, and the year has brought no gain in cash reserves. The South, everything considered, makes the poorest comparative showing of all; its loans are $8,500,000 greater than in June, and $83,000,000 greater than in 1909.

This increase over a year ago is no less than 15 per cent., and it is not accompanied by any considerable addition to reserves. These figures from the Southern banks bear their own suggestion as to the pending cotton speculation, and the returns from both South and West give much food for reflection. Not the least impressive fact disclosed by these detailed figures is that, out of the $37,200,000 total increase in cash reserves of the country's 7,173 national banks, $37,000,000 is accounted for by the banks of New York city.

Taken altogether, this showing of the general bank position, of a highly favorable agricultural outcome of the year (except perhaps for the cotton crop), and of continuous contraction in the steel trade, which is so often called the "industrial barometer," creates a sufficiently perplexing problem. The one unquestionable fact appears to be that the halt in the forward movement of finance and industry must be continued longer. Next to that rather obvious inference, the questions, to what extent the present confused situation results from abnormally high prices of commodities, and how, if that be the cause, the thing is to be corrected, are the most interesting economic problems of the day.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aldrich, Dr. (Mrs.) F. L. S. The One Man. Boston: Roxburgh Pub. Co. $1.25.
Andriessen, H. Poetische Auslese. Beaver, Pa.: The Author. 50 cents.
Barclay, F. L. The Rosary. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Baskerville, C., and Estabrooke, W. L. Progressive Problems in General Chemistry. Boston: Heath. $1.
Bennet, R. A. The Shogun's Daughter. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.
Bennett, A. Helen with the High Hand. Doran Co. $1.20 net.
Bindloss, H. The Boy Ranchers of Puget Sound; Masters of the Wheat-lands. Stokes. $1.50, $1.30.
Björnson, B. Wise-Knut. Translated. Brandu's. $1 net.
Bone, F. The Other Side of the Rainbow. Eaton & Mains. 85 cents net.
Booth, C. E. Booth and Allied Families. Privately printed.
Brooks, A. Prue's Playmates. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.
Brown, A. F. The Christmas Angel. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 60 cents net.
Bryant, M. Anne Kempburn, Truth-seeker. Duffield. $1.30 net.
Buffalo Historical Society Publications. Vol. XIV. The Holland Land Co. and the Erie Canal.
Bush, B. E. A Prairie Rose. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Buttner, J. L. A Fleshless Diet. Stokes. $1.35 net.
Chancellor, W. E. Class Teaching and Management. Harper. $1.
Choate, J. H. Abraham Lincoln, and Other Addresses in England. Century Co. $2 net.
Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. Illustrated in colors by W. Pogány. Crowell. $5 net.
Collins, F. A. The Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. Century Co. $1.20 net.
Dann, H. School Hymnal. American Book Co. 50 cents.
Davenport, H. The Country Boy: the Story of His Own Early Life. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Day, T. F. The New Bible-Country. Crowell.
Decker, I. S. Patience and Her Garden. San Francisco: Paul Elder. 35 cents.
De Walsh, F. C. Grillparzer as a Poet of Nature. Macmillan. $1 net.
De Windt, H. Through Savage Europe. Third impression. Phila.: Lippincott.
Dickie, J. F. In the Kaiser's Capital. Dodd, Mead. $2. net.
Dimock, A. W. Dick among the Lumberjacks. Stokes.
Douglas, A. M. Helen Grant's Decision. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Dyer, W. A. The Lure of the Antique. Century Co. $2.40 net.
Edwards, G. W. Brittany and the Bretons. Moffat, Yard. $6 net.
Fitz-Gerald, J. D. Rambles in Spain. Crowell. $3 net.
Fletcher, R. A. Steamships: The Story of Their Development to the Present Day. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.75 net.
Ford, W. Songs and Sonnets. Chicago: The Rooks Press.
Foster, D. S. Flighty Arethusa. Phila.: Lippincott.
Francisco Ferrer: His Life, Work, and Martyrdom. Francisco Ferrer Ass'n, N. Y.
François, V. E. Easy Standard French. Edited, with exercises, etc. Amer. Book Co. 40 cents.
Frankel, L. K., and Dawson, M. M. Workingmen's Insurance in Europe. Charities Pub. Com. $2.50.
Fraternity, a Romance of Inspiration. Anonymous. Harper. $1 net.
Friends' General Conference. Held at Ocean Grove, N. J., 1910. Supplement to Friends' Intelligencer.
Furness, W. H., 3d. The Island of Stone Money. Uap of the Carolines. Phila.: Lippincott. $3.50 net.
Galsworthy, J. Justice: A Tragedy in Four Acts. Scribner. 60 cents net.
Gates, J. S. Little Girl Blue. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.
Gheusi, P. B. Gambetta: Life and Letters. D. Appleton.
Grasset, J. The Marvels Beyond Science. Trans. by R. J. Tubeuf. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.75 net.
Haggard, A. C. P. Two Great Rivals (François I and Charles V) and the Women Who Influenced Them. D. Appleton.
Hamilton, A. McL. The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton. Scribner. $3.50 net.
Hammarström, N. The Adventures of Two Ants. Stokes.
Harben, W. N. Dixie Hart. Harper. $1.50.
Hay, I. A Man's Man. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.20 net.
Henry, O. Let Me Feel Your Pulse. Garden City: Doubleday, Page.
Hills, E. C., and Reinhardt, L. Spanish Short Stories. Boston: Heath. $1.
Howard, W. L. Plain Facts on Sex Hygiene. E. J. Clode.

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Jaekel, B. The Lands of the Tamed Turk. Boston: Page. $2.50.
James, G. Joan of Arc. Dutton. $3.50 net.
James, H. The Finer Grade. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Jastrow, J. The Qualities of Men: an Essay in Appreciation. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Jewett, S. O. Stories and Tales. Seven volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.
Kellogg, E. Merry Xmas! a Farce in Two Scenes. Cincinnati: U. P. James.
Kipling, R. Rewards and Fairies. Garden City: Doubleday, Page. $1.50.
Kipling, R. Rewards and Fairies. Vol. xxv. Outward Bound ed. Scribner. $2.
Knight, W. A. No Room in the Inn. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Lang, J. A Land of Romance. Dodge Pub. Co. $2.50 net.
Le Queux, W. The Great God Gold. Boston: Badger. $1.50.
London, J. Burning Daylight. Macmillan. $1.50.
Lucas, E. V. Mr. Ingleside. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Maartens, M. Harmen Pols. Lane Co. $1.35 net.
McCarty, D. G. Territorial Governors of the Old Northwest. Iowa City: State Historical Society of Iowa.
McClung, N. L. The Second Chance. Garden City: Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Mack, D. R. Betty Brooke at School. London: Bell.
McNeil, E. Fighting with Fremont. Dutton. $1.50.
Maeterlinck, M. Mary Magdalene: a Play in Three Acts. Translated. Dodd, Mead. $1.20 net.
Maler, T. Explorations in the Department of Peten, Guatemala, and Adjacent Region. Cambridge: Peabody Museum.
Malkiel, T. S. The Diary of a Shirtwaist Striker. New York: Coöperative Press.
Masefield, J. Martin Hyde, the Duke's Messenger. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Mätter, J. Once. Holt. $1.20 net.
Miller, J. R. The Beauty of Every Day. Crowell. 65 cents net.
Mitchell, S. Weir. The Guillotine Club, and Other Stories. Century Co. $1.50.
More. The Utopia of Sir Thomas More. Ralph Robinson's Translation, With Roper's Life of More and Some of His Letters. Edited by G. Sampson. London: Bell.
Morris, G. The Spread Eagle and Other Stories. Scribner. $1.20 net.
Morris, R. Railroad Administration. D. Appleton. $2 net.
Murat, Princess Caroline. My Memoirs. Putnam.
Payson, W. F. Periwinkle: an Idyl of the Dunes. Sturgis & Walton. $1.25 net.
Peixotto, E. Romantic California. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Phelps, E. S. A Chariot of Fire. Harper. 50 cents net.
Pier, A. S. The Crashaw Brothers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.
Pound, L. The Periods of English Literature. Lincoln: Univ. of Nebraska Press.
Pound, E. The Spirit of Romance. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Ray, A. C. Sidney: Her Senior Year. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Reed, M. Sonnets to a Lover. Putnam.
Reports of the Bureau of the Census. Central Electric Light and Power Stations, 1907. Washington: Gov. Printing Office.
Richardson, H. H. The Getting of Wisdom. Duffield.
Riley, J. W. A Hoosier Romance, illustrated by J. W. Adams. Century Co. $1.50 net.
Robinson, E. A. The Town Down the River: A Book of Poems. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Sadler, W. S. The Cause and Cure of Colds. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.
St. Augustine. Soliloquies. Translated into English by R. E. Cleveland. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
Schelling, F. E. English Literature During the Lifetime of Shakespeare. Holt. $2.50 net.
Schrakamp, J. Ernstes und Heiteres: Tales by Modern German Writers, edited for school use. Amer. Book Co. 35 cents.
Seidlitz, W. v. A History of Japanese Color-Prints. Phila.: Lippincott. $6.50 net.
Shuman, E. L. How to Judge a Book. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Simpson, S. L. The Gold-Gated West: Songs and Poems. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Sinclair, M. The Creators: a Comedy. Century Co. $1.30 net.
Sladen, D. Queer Things About Egypt. Phila.: Lippincott. $5 net.
Slumber Sea Chanteys. San Francisco: Elder & Co. $1.
Smith-Deran, E. Am I My Brother's Keeper? Kalamazoo, Mich.: The Author.
Snowden, J. H. The World a Spiritual System. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Spencer. Passages from the Philosophy of Herbert Spencer, chosen by C. S. Stevens. $1.50 net.
Spofford, H. P. The Fairy Changeling. Boston: Badger. $1. net.
Stanton, T. Reminiscences of Rosa Bonheur, edited. D. Appleton. $3 net.
Stigand, C. H. To Abyssinia Through an Unknown Land. Phila.: Lippincott. $3.50 net.
Stirling-Maxwell, W., and Carreño, L. Stories of the Spanish Artists Until Goya. Duffield.
Stratemeyer, E. The Automobile Boys of Lakeport. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Strong, W. E. The Story of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.75 net.
Sudermann, H. Morituri: Three One-act Plays. Translated by A. Alexander. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Taki, Sei-Ichi. Three Essays on Oriental Painting. London: Bernard Quaritch.
Taussig, F. W. The Tariff History of the U. S. Fifth Ed. Putnam.
Taylor, G. R. S. Leaders of Socialism Past and Present. Duffield.
The Fairy Ring. Edited by K. D. Wiggin and N. A. Smith. Garden City: Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
Tileston, M. W. The Child's Harvest of Verse. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Tomlinson, E. T. The Young Blockaders: A Story of the Civil War. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Van Wagenen, A. Government Ownership of Railways. Putnam.
Walker, A. H. History of the Sherman Law. The Author. $2.
Walker, E. E. The Pretty Girl Papers. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25 net.
Ward, H. A Voice from the Congo, Comprising Stories, Anecdotes, etc. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Wheeler, J. C. Captain Pete in Alaska. Dutton. $1.50.
Whitney, H. Hunting With the Eskimos. Century Co. $3.50 net.
Wilde, O. The Ballad of Reading Gaol. Duffield.
Williams, H. Making Faces; My Advice Book. Chicago: McClurg.
Willson, B. The Life and Letters of James Wolfe. Dodd, Mead. $4. net.
Winter, N. O. Brazil and Her People of To-day. Boston: Page. $3.
Winther, F. Wilhelm Busch. Berkeley: University Press.
Wislicenus, P. Shakespeare's Totenmaske. Lemcke & Buechner.

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